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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1893.

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MISS CISSY LOFTUS, THE NEW "STAR" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

MAIDEN MIMICRY.

A CHAT WITH MISS CISSY LOFTUS.

An old two-storeyed country cottage, standing well back from the road, hidden in a clump of trees, and backed by one of those delicious walled gardens, well stored with the flora loved by our ancestors, fruit-trees bending under well-laden boughs, surrounding a velvety lawn innocent of tennis net or disfiguring chalk—a lawn where Corydon might have wooed Phyllis, and where fairy rings still linger at mid-day—such is the home of the young girl who is providing nightly a new sensation to the jaded *habitué* of “the Halls.”

It is difficult to recognise the brilliant mimic of the Oxford and Gaiety in the quiet, brown-eyed little maiden who comes forward to greet *The Sketch* interviewer.

“Miss Cissy Loftus?” inquiringly.

“Yes,” with a smile that reflects the gleam of sunlight playing among the trees outside.

“Now, I want you to tell me all about your great success. What made you first think of taking up this line of business? You cannot have had much experience—even in the nursery!”

“Oh! no. I have only just left school. In fact, I should have gone back next term, but for—for this.”

“And is it true, Miss Cissy, that you were educated in a convent?”

“Of course it is. Why not? People have such strange ideas about convents. Several have asked me if I was not miserable there. I never was happier in my life, though I enjoyed my holidays like the other girls.”

“I suppose you were always a great mimic?”

“I always delighted in acting, but, then, that is quite natural, for both my father and mother are in the profession. My *début* this year was quite an accident. Mamma had taken me to see several leading performers, and it struck me that I could imitate them quite easily, so I begged her to let me have a try. That was only a fortnight ago,” she added simply, and “everything that has happened since seems like a dream. But here is Mamma; she can tell you about it better than I can.”

And she linked her hand through the arm of a bright, fair-haired little lady, who literally realised the oft misused term applied to a youthful mother of looking younger than her own daughter.

“Yes, indeed, it all came on us as a great surprise. Of course, Cissy was always playing at acting: when she was only a tiny dot she used to walk up and down the stairs with a sheet pinned on to her frock to represent a train, muttering to herself all sorts of fine things. Mimicking also seemed to come quite naturally to her, but I need hardly tell you that we had no idea of her making her *début* just yet—why, she won’t be fifteen until next October! The child had two rehearsals, which had gone off splendidly; but then, you know, it is a very different thing having one’s own mother for audience or a packed house at the Oxford. However, all went well, and she was as cool as a cucumber.”

“And how do you prepare your imitations, Miss Cissy?”

“I can’t exactly explain,” she answered hesitatingly. “It seems to come to me all at once; for instance, I had only seen Miss Florrie Hastings twice, Mr. Eugene Stratton three times, and Letty Lind a couple of times before I ‘took them off’ in public.”

“I suppose your voice is your great stand-by?”

“Yes, I believe that the voice is everything; then, everyone has little peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, and I seem to pick these up at once without any trouble. What imitations do the public like best? I think Mr. Stratton and Gus Elen—you know, the man who sings the popular coxer song, ‘E don’t know where ‘e are.’ Then people enjoy my taking off Miss Millie Hylton in the ‘Rowdy-dowdy Boys.’ The Gaiety audiences greatly appreciate my Miss Letty Lind; that, by the way, is my most difficult imitation, because of the dancing.”

“And are you preparing any new performances?”

“Yes, I am getting up Dan Leno, Mr. Knowles, the American artist, and Fred Mason, Marie Lloyd, and several others. Of course, I have to choose those singers who are already well known to my audiences. Why, the moment I begin my imitations of Miss Hastings in her song ‘Just because she didn’t know the way’ everyone screams with laughter.”

“You make no effort to copy their personal appearance or costume?”

“Oh, no! I just go on in a simple little pink dress, and trust to my mimicking powers to call up the various individualities I am attempting to reproduce.”

“You, doubtless, have had some kind of musical and vocal training?”

“Only at the convent,” she answered; “but I have a rather powerful voice—fortunately for me, for it is rather hard work performing at three places every evening, but that will not last long, for I am going to the Gaiety for three years, and that will give me a sort of rest.”

And then, while the horse was being put into the dog-cart to drive me back to the station, we three went a long saunter down the flower-edged path of the fragrant garden, the Oxford, Tivoli, and Gaiety were forgotten for the nonce, and as Miss Cissy held out a little handful of ripe mulberries it seemed impossible to believe that a few hours later the gay, childish voice would be trilling forth some *fin-de-siècle* ditty; but her mother, with a half smile, half sigh, recalls her own infantile *début* “at a salary of 3s. 6d. a week,” and says that, at any rate, her little girl is “doing better than that, and, of course, we shall not give up lessons, even if we are busy.”

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The naval manœuvres have come to an end sooner than was expected. The work has been well done this year, and has been watched by the public with more than usual interest, probably on account of the Victoria disaster.

It is difficult to keep pace with naval accidents. The most serious one last week was when the new first-class cruiser *Endymion*, while running into Stokes Bay, near Portsmouth, for torpedo trials, ran into and sank a dredger which crossed her path. The captain of the dredger was drowned.

The Victoria disaster has raised such an amount of practical sympathy as is rarely elicited by similar catastrophes. In spite of efforts to close it, the Mansion House Fund continues to increase, and now exceeds £60,000.

The American yacht *Navahoe* narrowly escaped a fate not unlike that of the *Victoria* at Cowes on Thursday, when she was thrown on her beam ends and almost capsized. Two other yachts became disabled on the same day.

The Lord Mayor of London, while in Edinburgh last week, was granted the honorary degree of LL.D. by the University.

The Earl of Aberdeen was entertained at a banquet in Aberdeen on Thursday on the occasion of his departure to assume the duties of Governor-General of Canada.

Surrey is passing from a purely agricultural to a residential county. That is the discovery that has been made for the benefit of the Labour Commission.

Mr. Justice Hawkins speaks a word in season when he condemns, as he did at Birmingham last week, the detention of prisoners for long periods before trial. The Legislature, he holds, could never have intended that persons should be committed for two months and upwards.

The genius of Jabez Spencer Balfour was of that inexhaustible type which defies the cramping process of law and order. The story of the Sheringham Development Company, as told in the Bankruptcy Court last week, reads almost like a fairy tale, with the jaunty Jabez as the wicked sprite. Still more curious, however, were the methods adopted in netting Mr. Henry Broadhurst as an honorary figure-head to the Liberator and the Sheringham Company. Mr. Broadhurst never saw any publications of the Liberator, and he did not even know who were its officials—he himself was honorary arbitrator.

Jabez is said to be furnishing a house in luxurious fashion in Argentina. He can very well afford to do this if, as is estimated, he took away between £30,000 and £40,000 with him.

Another big catch by Jabez was Dr. Dawson Burns, whom he made an official of the Lands Allotment Company, the Liberator, and the London and General Bank. Dr. Burns had the same story to tell the Official Receiver as so many others of Balfour’s dupes. He had no idea that a large proportion of the profits as disclosed were never received, and he had confided in “the person who had the chief management of the affairs of the company.”

Still more strange were the conditions on which he became a paid director of the Sheringham Company. He was assured that it was a private company, and he agreed to become connected with it, an assurance being given to him that he would be under no liability to keep books or watch the accounts, beyond occasionally inspecting the deposit book at the bank.

In view of all these Balfour bubbles, peculiar interest attaches to the facts and figures adduced by the Registrar of Friendly Societies in his report for last year. Of the building societies incorporated since 1874 a third have become defunct, last year proving an exceptionally bad one. A case is given of the dissolution of one of these societies as an example of how a building society may be managed, “that the profit may be derived by one man, and the loss borne by his fellow-members.” The dry humour is excellent for a Bluebook.

The coal crisis is still far from solution. The Miners’ Federation have asked the Northumberland and Durham men to demand an advance in wages equal to the reduction submitted to during the past two years. The reported proposal of the coal masters for a settlement of the dispute is to be considered at a conference on Tuesday week.

The record score created by the Australians against the Past and Present of Oxford and Cambridge Universities deserves to be chronicled although the bowling was far from first class. The Cornstalks occupied the wickets for the first two days and part of the third day of the match, scoring 843 runs. The next highest score in first-class cricket was between mixed teams of Englishmen and Australians, when the Non-Smokers scored 803 against the Smokers. The match was played in Australia in 1887.

A LEADER OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

A CHAT WITH MRS. POTTER PALMER.

No name, certainly no woman's name, has been more prominently connected with the World's Fair than that of Mrs. Potter Palmer. If the huge Exposition has done anything for women, a large share of the credit is undoubtedly due to Mrs. Potter Palmer.

I came to this conclusion—although it was altogether a foregone



MRS. POTTER PALMER.

conclusion—as one morning, bright and early, I hied me towards Mrs. Potter Palmer's residence. In Chicago the people rise dreadfully early, so early, all of them, that nine o'clock is about the latest hour anybody in particular can be found at home. Perhaps Chicago retains this habit among the other frontier village habits it continues to observe.

Some of the Chicago homes, the homes of the millionaires and the rich, are sumptuous and luxurious to a degree. They would adorn Park Lane or Grosvenor Square if set down in either. Among them all, the Potter Palmer residence, situated within stone-throw of the rippling waters of Lake Michigan, is one of the most sumptuous and one of the most luxurious.

Still, it was not on that subject Mrs. Potter Palmer conversed—not at all—when I went to have a talk with her. No, she at once turned to the Women's Department of the World's Fair, and told me what it was intended to accomplish and what she hoped would be accomplished.

"In organising the Women's Department of the Exposition," said Mrs. Potter Palmer, "we wanted to call attention to

the enormous work which women do in every field. We wanted to call attention alike by exhibits, by lectures, and by conferences to what women have done and to what they are likely to achieve in the future. Probably the Women's Department, in a large measure, at all events, has succeeded in doing these things."

"Do I understand your view to be that, so far, women have hardly got the full credit for their work?"

"There can, I think, be no doubt about that, and it necessarily follows that women—anyhow, working women in some classes—do not receive fair wages for their work. Also, women who work have not, as a rule, the opportunities for advancement to which their labour entitles them."

"Do you think that in America, as in England—to as large an extent, I mean—women are compelled to go out to work? In other words, does a woman work by preference or by necessity?"

"In both countries a woman's place is generally spoken of as the home, the hearthstone. That is right; that is a beautiful sentiment. But in both countries undoubtedly women are forced to go out and work. It may not be to the same extent in America as in England, but there is the fact. What we ought to do is to realise it, and endeavour to get for women's work in all directions a fair recognition and a fair return. Wages and the condition of women's work generally will best be improved by an interested public opinion. So, if the Women's Department of the World's Fair has interested public opinion, it has not been a failure. What can be done to benefit women's work—women's whole contribution to society—in America will benefit it in England and Europe, and *vice versa*."

Here I asked Mrs. Potter Palmer a question on another subject. She has been an industrious traveller, and knows Europe almost as well as her own America.

"Would I be going out of the way," I put it to her, "if I were to ask you to draw a comparison between the women of England and the women of America?"

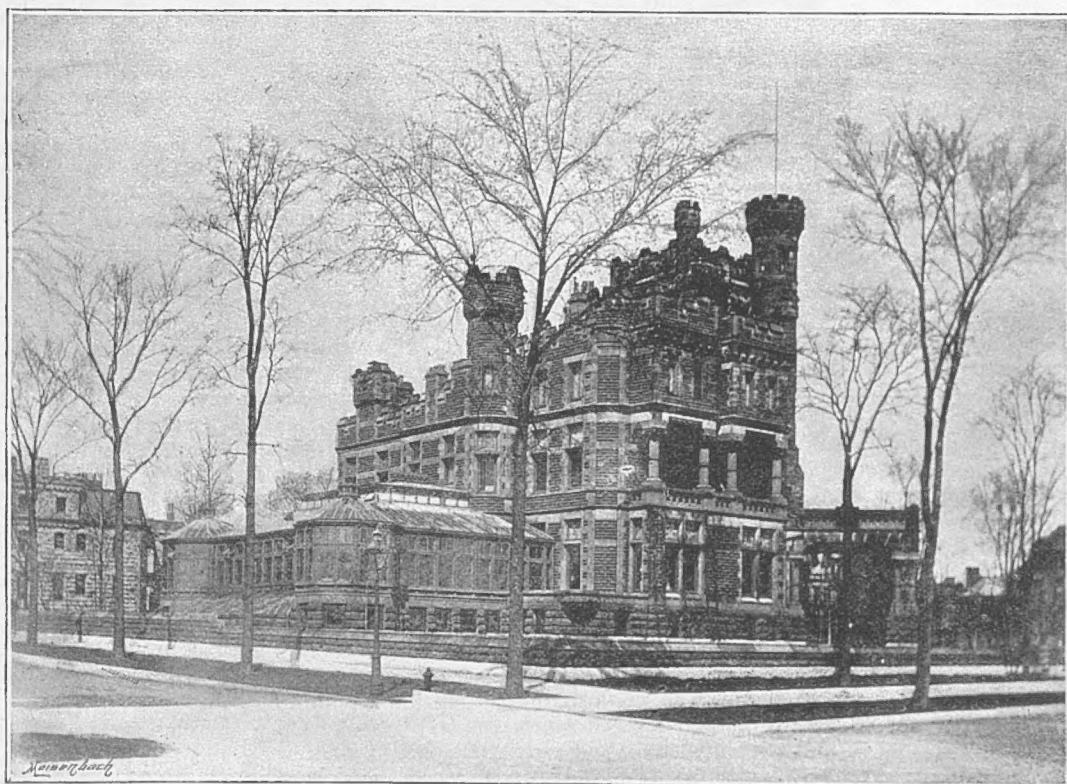
She smiled and shook her head. "I do not know if I could draw a comparison which would be in the least informing, and, even if I were to try, I should be sure to lay myself open to the charge of invidiousness."

I assured her that before I put the question I was quite aware how difficult and delicate a one it was to tackle.

"One thing I may say," she hereupon commented. "When American women first appeared on platforms and took part in public movements English women called them very advanced. Now it is quite the other way. English women are far ahead of American women in the part they take in public affairs—say, in politics, for example."

It was upon my tongue to ask Mrs. Potter Palmer, who is a good speaker herself, whether the palm for public speaking lies with American or with English women. However, I refrained, largely because Mrs. Potter Palmer, having many duties to perform, had not time to spare.

J. M.



THE POTTER PALMER RESIDENCE.

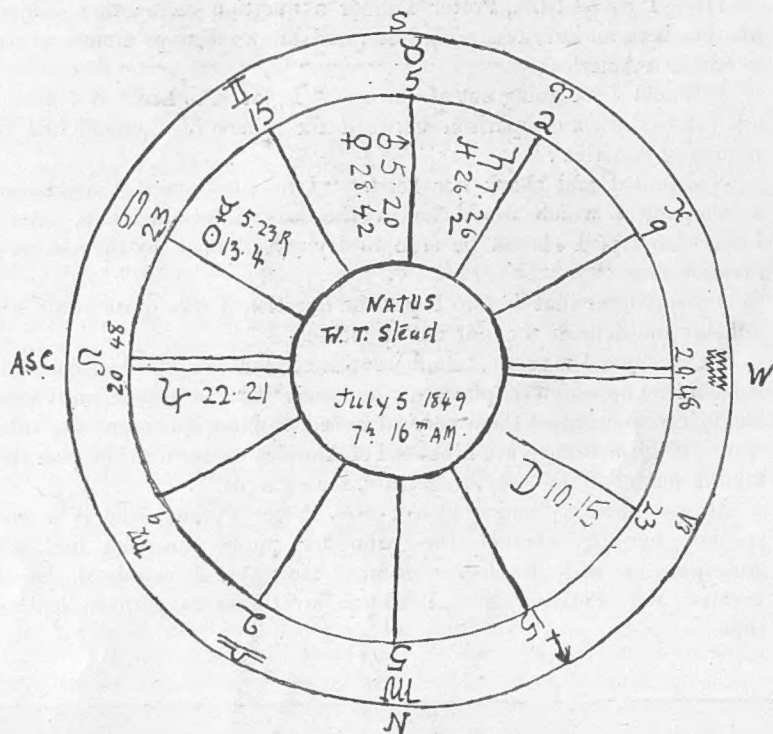
Photo by Reynolds Photo Company, Chicago.

"BORDERLAND": ITS EDITOR'S HOROSCOPE.

Prefaced by a portrait of Mr. Balfour—apparently in a state of "suspended animation"—the new quarterly review, *Borderland*, comes forward to prove that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. And so, to commence, Mr. Stead introduces his readers to the Leader of the Opposition in a new light—the hazy light of the Psychical Research Society, of which Mr. Balfour is the president. Oblivious of the German proverb that "a new philosopher needs a new fool's cap," Mr. Stead puts before us the proposal to explore "the region which has hitherto been relegated to superstition." He pegs out claims in this strange country, and hopes to add, with discretion, to the accepted knowledge of the Occult World. Mr. Stead is responsible for a large portion of the contents of *Borderland*, giving a curious account of his experience in automatic writing, as well as placing the portrait of "Jeanne d'Arc, Saint and Clairvoyant," as the first contribution to a Gallery of Borderlanders. This word-picture is undoubtedly a brilliant translation into verses of a thrilling story, which well repays perusal. Mrs. Annie Besant writes on "Theosophy and Its Students," and there are many responses from famous people to an appeal from the editor as to the probable utility of the new magazine.

MR. STEAD'S HOROSCOPE.

At no period of the world's history, according to Josephus, was the art of astrology, or the science of predicting future events by the motions of the planets, unknown. For, according to the Jewish historian, Seth was



proficient in this celestial philosophy, and "foreseeing the Flood, and the destruction of the world thereby, he engraved the fundamental principles of his art in hieroglyphical emblems for the benefit of after ages on two pillars of brick and stone." Of these pillars Josephus affirms he saw "that of stone to remain in Syria in his own time." From him we also learn that Abraham, having acquired the art in Chaldea, when he entered into Egypt he taught it to the Egyptians.

So far as is known at present, the first person to reduce to writing the teachings of astrology was Claudius Ptolemy, born a century after Christ, at Pelusium, in Egypt. Becoming a distinguished scholar in the school of Alexandria, he collected the scattered observations on the economy of the world made by Aristotle, Hipparchus, and Posidonius, which he named the Great Construction; likewise he corrected Hipparchus's catalogue of the fixed stars, and formed tables for the calculation and regulation of the sun, moon, and planets, and finally wrote his great work, the "Tetrabiblos, or Quadripartite, being four books of the Influence of the Stars."

The principles laid down by him nearly eighteen hundred years ago are broadly the same by which to-day an astrologer casts a horoscope or figure of the heavens at a given moment, and from that predicts the future mental capacity of the infant born at such time, the quality of his temperament, the probable length of his days, and the events favourable and unfavourable which will befall him at certain periods of his life. All predictions being worked out by mathematical calculations, nothing of mysticism exists in the natural science which Dante declared "the highest and noblest, and without defect." Examination and experience have but impressed its truth more firmly on those who in various ages have

studied its lore; abuse being unable to overcome argument, ridicule failing to refute fact.

The manner in which a horoscope is cast seems simplicity itself. A circle is formed to represent the heavens: within this a second and smaller circle is made, to typify the earth; a straight line is drawn through the outer circle to indicate the horizon, and another at right angles from the first to symbolise the meridian, these showing the natural divisions formed by the rising and the setting of the sun, and by his passing the meridian at noon and at midnight. Each of the quarters thus formed is again divided into three equal parts, the whole representing twelve spaces called houses, each having its value according to its position, the first house representing all matters connected with life, health, and disposition; the second with wealth and substance; the third with friends, kindred, and short journeys; the fourth with inheritance; the fifth with children; the sixth with sickness; the seventh with marriage; the eighth with death; the ninth with science, literature, law, and long journeys; the tenth with honour; the eleventh with friends; and the twelfth with enemies.

Reference to an almanack and a mode of calculation discover the positions of the signs of the zodiac by which each house is governed, and the places of the planets for a given date and hour; and these being set down in the figure, a map of the heavens is made. But this being accomplished, the more difficult task remains of judging a horoscope—a task for which is required years of experience, an acquaintance with mathematics, and a ray of that inner light or knowledge of things, unperceived of the senses, called intuition. For, to begin, the signs of the zodiac are in their nature masculine and feminine; movable, common, and fixed; fiery, earthy, airy, and watery; northern, southern, equinoctial, and double-bodied; each having its effect according to its kind and to the position in which it is placed; each governing certain countries and cities; and that sign which is found rising at birth helping to produce a particular formation of body and to influence the mind.

For instance, he who is born under Taurus will be short, stout, and well-set in person, with full eyes, thick lips and neck, large shoulders, and a shining face, slow in movements, apathetic, but when roused furious as a bull; whereas those born with the sign of Virgo rising will be slender and rather tall, and bashful as a virgin. Scorpio gives the deceit of the serpent, and Capricorn the physical resemblance and moral tendencies of the goat. These indications may be heightened or lessened by the planets found in the houses—planets being good or bad after their kind, and beneficial or injurious according to the distances lying between them. Then, as in the slow progress of years they ascend or descend, approach to or depart from each other in a man's horoscope will events occur for good or evil in his life.

Herschel, for example, when found in the ascendant or mid-heaven, causes eccentricity, love for hidden and old-world lore and ways outside the beaten track of custom. Saturn gives melancholy, nervous fears, ill-luck, or, when well aspected, inclines men towards philosophy, and makes them staunch in their friendships and obstinate in the maintenance of their wills. Jupiter, when rising at birth, enables the infant to overcome all obstacles to his advancement, and places him in a high position. Those under the influence of the red planet, Mars, are hasty in temper, domineering, delighting in strife. Venus gives inclination to pleasures, beauty, an amorous smile, a sweet voice, a passion for extravagant apparel, and sways all who exercise the arts of dancing, painting, singing, acting, and all such callings as administer to our pleasures. Mercury rules the mental faculties, and is the dominant planet of writers, lawyers, schoolmasters, and doctors, but when ill-aspected incites to thievery and deceit. The Sun gives health, success, a proud and lofty disposition, and love of magnificence; and the Moon is the mystic signature of the sensual soul, for she governs the imagination, and hence the passions, and when well aspected gives romance and melancholy, a gentleness that fascinates, a love of the ideal. As no man is wholly influenced by one planet, and as the effects of various planets in their divers houses, and according to their respective positions, must be taken into account, some of the difficulties of judging a horoscope may be estimated.

In the accompanying illustration of a chart of the heavens at the moment of Mr. Stead's birth the student of astrology will find a key to his character and a history of the events which have befallen him in his stormy career. The upward rising of Jupiter and his aspects give Mr. Stead fame, absolute sincerity, religious fervour, physical strength, prosperity, and render him triumphant above his enemies. From Herschel and Saturn, in the house of letters, it may be assumed, he will escape from the hackneyed traditions of his craft, and strike out fresh paths in literature, and for sake of his convictions will be fearless, even to rashness, and indifferent to suffering. The position of these planets will likewise give him psychic gifts and love of the marvellous. The aspect of the Moon to Venus shows he may readily be imposed upon through his unwillingness to credit others with a craftiness and hypocrisy of which his own nature knows naught. Mars will make his life a long struggle, triumphant in the main, and give him delight in continued warfare and little knowledge of that inward peace for which the heart of many a man longeth exceedingly. And this planet being posited with Venus makes him improvident, not that he may minister to his own gratification, but in his desire to help those who impress him with a sense of their misfortunes. Altogether, it is a singularly fortunate horoscope, showing a life of unceasing work for the benefit of others and a mind that aspires beyond the fleeting aims of this world.

F. M.



A BANK HOLIDAY PROPOSAL.

Sez I, "Be Missus 'Awkins, Missus 'Enry 'Awkins,
Or across the seas I'll roam.
O 'Lizer, you're a daisy, s'elp me bob, I'm crazy,
Won't ye share my 'umble 'ome?"

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON
SEAFORD
EASTBOURNE
BEXHILL
ST. LEONARDS
HASTINGS
WORTHING
LITTLEHAMPTON
BOGNOR
HAYLING ISLAND
PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHSEA

Frequent Fast Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and London Bridge.
Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road) and West Brompton.
Extra Trains from London Saturday afternoons, returning Monday mornings.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets, First and Second Class.
Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets.
Pullman Car Trains between London and Brighton, and London and Eastbourne.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE
COWES
SANDOWN
SHANKLIN
VENTNOR
FRESHWATER
ST. HELENS
BEMBRIDGE

Through Tickets issued and Luggage Registered through out.
The Trains run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also run to and from the Ryde Pier Head Station, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.

SPECIAL TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—

SATURDAY, AUG. 12. A First and Second Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria at 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon 9.50 a.m., for Portsmouth, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.15 p.m. Fares, Train and Steamer, First Class, 12s. 6d., Second Class, 7s. 6d.

Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the General Inquiry and Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, on and from the preceding Tuesday.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, via the Direct

Mid-Sussex Route, from Victoria and London Bridge, the West-End and City Stations.

Week-day Fast Through Trains and Boat Service.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria ... dep.	6 35	10 30	11 35	1 0	1 45	2 30	3 55	4 55	7 17	
London Bridge ... "	6 45	10 25	11 40	C	1 50	2 40	4 05	5 05	7 25	
Portsmouth ... arr.	9 25	1 0	2 15	3 30	4 25	5 10	6 40	7 40	10 25	
Cowes ... "	11 23	3 17	4 27	5 35	6 37	7 55	7 55	9 7		
Ryde ... "	10 15	1 50	3 0	4 45	5 10	6 25	7 30	7 40	8 35	
Sandown ... "	10 44	2 39	3 37	5 45	5 45	6 58	8 19	8 19	9 24	
Shanklin ... "	10 51	2 45	3 45	5 52	5 52	7 0	8 25	8 25	9 30	
Ventnor ... "	11 4	2 58	3 36	6 6	6 6	7 10	8 39	8 39	9 40	

C—Cheap Trains run on Saturdays and Tuesdays only.

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST.

DIEPPE
ROUEN
FECAMP
HAVRE
CHERBOURG

THE ANGLO-NORMAN and BRITTANY TOURS via NEWHAVEN and DIEPPE.—These Tickets enable the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming

Scenery of Normandy to the Paris Terminus, near the Madeleine,

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris (First and second) (First, second, and third).			Paris to London (First and second) (First, second, and third).		
	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
Victoria ... dep.	9 0	8 50	Paris ... dep.	9 0	9 0
London Bridge ... "	9 0	9 0	London Bridge ... arr.	7 0	7 40
Paris ... arr.	6 50	8 0	Victoria ... "	7 0	7 50

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.

Powerful Steamers, with excellent Deck and other Cabins.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.

Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

FOR full particulars see Time Book, 'Tourists' Programme, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, Kensington (Addison Road), or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

TOURIST TICKETS, at reduced fares, for all classes by all trains, to South and North Devon, and North Cornwall Coast, Boscawen, Tintagel, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Bude, Clovelly, Plymouth, Exeter, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Seaton, Lyme Regis, &c.

Also to South-West Coast, Weymouth, Bournemouth, Swanage; and to Isle of Wight, Ryde, Cowes, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Yarmouth, Totland, and Alum Bays. Tickets available for return within two months, but may be extended by extra payment.

To EXETER in 3½ hours, Plymouth 5½ hours, Ilfracombe 6 hours, Bournemouth 2½ hours, Weymouth and Swanage 3½ hours, Ryde 2½ hours, Yarmouth 3 hours, Ventnor 3½ hours. Fast trains leave Waterloo Station for Exeter and West of England at 5.50, 9, and 11 a.m., and 5 p.m. The 5 p.m. does not convey passengers to North Devon stations.

For Bournemouth and Weymouth at 5.50 and 9.10 a.m., 12.30, 2.15 (for Bournemouth only), 2.25 and 3 (for Weymouth only), 3.10, 4.55, and 5.50 p.m.

For Swanage at 9.10 a.m., 12.30, 2.25, and 4.55 p.m.

For Isle of Wight, via Portsmouth, at 6.45, 9.30 a.m., 12, 2.45, 3.40, 4.10, and 5 p.m. Also via Stokes Bay at 5.50, 8.5, 11.15 a.m., 2.25 and 3.10 p.m. Also via Lymington and Yarmouth at 5.50, 9.10 a.m., 12.30, 2.25, 3.10, and 4.55 p.m., and via Southampton for Cowes, &c., at 5.50, 8.5, 11.15 a.m., 1, 3.10, and 5.50 p.m.

Pullman Cars for Bournemouth run in the 9.10, 12.30, 2.15, and 4.55 trains. First-class lavatory accommodation in principal trains.

Any information can be obtained on application to the Traffic Superintendent, Waterloo Station.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

NEW ROUTE to the CONTINENT, via the Great Eastern Railway

Company, HARWICH and the HOOK OF HOLLAND, daily (Sundays included). Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8 p.m., and the principal North-Western and Midland towns in the afternoon. Dining Car between York and Harwich, via March. New twin-screw ss. Chelmsford. Through carriages to Germany run alongside the steamers at the Hook of Holland. Return fares to Amsterdam 38s. 7d., Cologne 44s. 9d., Berlin 81s. 2d.

ANTWERP, via Harwich, every week-day. Hamburg, by G.S.N. Company's steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. "Tourist Guide to the Continent," price 6d., post 6d. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN

RAILWAYS.
(West Coast Route.)

REFRESHMENT AND DINING CARS

for
FIRST AND THIRD CLASS PASSENGERS,
will be run between
LONDON (Euston) and EDINBURGH (Princes Street),
in addition to those now in use between
LONDON and GLASGOW.

Corridor Vehicles (connected with these Dining Saloons at Preston) will be run between Liverpool and Edinburgh and Glasgow, and also between Manchester and Edinburgh and Glasgow.

	P.M.		P.M.
LONDON (Euston) ... dep.	2 0	EDINBURGH (Princes Street) ... dep.	12 0
Birmingham ... "	3 35	GLASGOW (Central) ... "	2 0
Liverpool (Exchange) ... "	5 50	Preston ... "	art. 6
Manchester (Victoria) ... "	5 35	Manchester (Victoria) ... "	7 2
Manchester (Exchange) ... "	5 40	Liverpool (Exchange) ... "	7 2
Preston ... "	6 37	Birmingham ... "	9 20
GLASGOW (Central) ... arr.	10 45	LONDON (Euston) ... "	10 45
EDINBURGH (Princes Street) ... "	10 55		

LUNCHEON, DINNER, and other REFRESHMENTS will be served en route at the following charges—

LUNCHEONS (served after Departure of Train).

First Class, 2s. 6d. | Third Class, 2s.

Also à la carte at Buffet charges as per daily Bill of Fare.

TEAS (Served from 4.30 to 6 p.m.).

Pot of Tea, Roll, and Butter, 6d.

Other Refreshments at Buffet charges as per daily Bill of Fare.

DINNER (Table d'Hôte) (served after leaving Preston).

First Class, 3s. 6d. | Third Class, 2s. 6d.

Passengers to and from Stirling, Perth, Dundee, or Aberdeen can avail themselves of the Edinburgh and London Dining Car on the journey.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, London and North-Western Railway.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

London, August 1893.

GREAT NORTHERN, NORTH-EASTERN, AND NORTH BRITISH RAILWAYS.

EAST COAST "EXPRESS" ROUTE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

FIRST AND THIRD CLASS CORRIDOR DINING CARS are run on the Up and Down Express Trains which leave London (King's Cross) and Edinburgh respectively at 2.30 p.m. as below—

	P.M.		P.M.
LONDON (King's Cross) ... dep.	2 30	EDINBURGH ... dep.	2 30
Nottingham ... "	4 0	Berwick ... "	3 50
Grantham ... "	4 37	Newcastle ... "	5 15
York ... "	6 25	Darlington ... "	6 1
Thirsk ... "	6 55	Thirsk ... "	6 33
Darlington ... "	7 27	York ... "	7 10
Newcastle ... "	8 19	Doncaster ... "	7 25
Berwick ... "	9 44	Newark ... "	8 35
EDINBURGH ... arr.	11 0	Grantham ... "	9 1
Passengers for stations south of Darlington will not be conveyed by the train which leaves London at 2.30 p.m.		Peterborough ... "	9 8
		LONDON (King's Cross) ... arr.	11 10

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, Great Northern Railway.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, North-Eastern Railway.
J. CONACHER, General Manager, North British Railway.

August 1893.

ADDITIONAL EXPRESS TRAINS are run on Week-days as below, viz.—

	P.M.		P.M.
LONDON (King's Cross) ... dep.	2 35	NEWCASTLE ... dep.	7 0
Grantham ... "	4 45	Sunderland ... "	7 20
York ... "	6 23	South Shields ... "	7 0
Thirsk ... "	6 58	West Hartlepool ... "	7 10
Stockton ... "	7 38	Middlesbrough ... "	7 42
Sunderland ... "	8 30	Stockton ... "	8 3
South Shields ... "	8 55	York ... "	9 25
NEWCASTLE ... "	8 55	Retford ... "	arr. 10 30
		Grantham ... "	11 10
		Peterborough ... "	11 47
		LONDON (King's Cross) ... "	1 25

A First-Class Dining-Car is attached to these Additional Trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, Great Northern Railway.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, North-Eastern Railway.

August 1893.

ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The Twelfth may be celebrated in many more ways than going to the Scotch moors. One diverting method of spending it is afforded by the Brighton Railway Company, who are to run another of their Saturday excursions from London round the Isle of Wight on that date. A special fast train, conveying passengers at cheap first and second class fares, will leave Victoria Station at 9.30 a.m. (calling at Clapham Junction and West Croydon) for Portsmouth Harbour Station direct, in connection with a steamer leaving the station pier, for a trip round the Isle of Wight, immediately on arrival of the special train, and returning in time for the return journey of the special train to leave Portsmouth Harbour Station at 6.15 p.m. for London. These excursions from Portsmouth down the Solent and round the island are exceedingly popular, enabling passengers to view the marine residence of the Queen at Osborne, Alum Bay, the Needles, with the beautiful scenery of the Undercliff, Ventnor, Shanklin, Sandown, Ryde, &c. Refreshments will be provided on board the steamer at moderate charges.

The crowds who have been swarming like busy bees round the royal wedding presents exhibited at the Imperial Institute have noticed with interest an unusually fine portrait of Mr. Gladstone. This excellent lithograph of the Premier is the work of Messrs. A. T. Hope and Co., of Eldon Street, Finsbury, and depicts Mr. Gladstone in the attitude of addressing the House of Commons. The light in the orator's eyes and the pose of the head are alike admirable, while the execution of the work leaves nothing to be desired.

The August arrangements of the London and North-Western Railway are announced. The new dining cars will now be run between London and Edinburgh as well as between London and Glasgow. London is left at 2 p.m., and Glasgow is reached at 10.45 p.m., and Edinburgh at 10.55 p.m. Passengers to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen may avail themselves, of course, of those cars. Corridor vehicles, connecting with these dining cars at Preston, will be run between Liverpool and Edinburgh and Glasgow, and also between Manchester and Edinburgh and Glasgow.



HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The topic of the day has undoubtedly been the free fight in the House of Commons. It has eclipsed for the time being the Siamese question. The mere hampering of British trade and threatening of British interests is as dust in the balance when weighed against the enthralling question as to who struck the first or the last blow in the chaotic scuffle which has recently opened men's eyes to the degeneracy of Parliament.

The mere fact of blows being struck at all in the House is rather to the credit of that body, in my opinion. The fight has been coming for months; time after time have honourable members defied one another, slanged one another, even slightly hustled one another. Opprobrious epithets have been shouted across the floor of the House, unpunished, and of late unheard, by the Chairman of Committees. We have heard of public men being incapacitated by deafness; it is somewhat new to have one rendered deaf by incapacity.

From whatever reason, the person who is supposed to keep order in the Commons has been about as efficient as a second French master set to control a large and much mixed Fourth Form. The House of Commons is much like a Fourth Form—a number of individuals more conscious of strength than of responsibility, with abilities for mischief beyond their power of self-restraint, capable, like any mob, of any folly, any cruelty, any disgrace. A ceaseless tinkering with its constitution and composition has destroyed most of that traditional *esprit de corps* on which all institutions have chiefly to rely for securing good order and seemly good behaviour. The tyranny of faddists with votes has damaged the self-respect of members by driving them to pledge themselves to support measures which many of them know to be hurtful, and wish to prove impossible.

Then, again, whatever the qualities are for which an M.P. is elected—and these are sometimes hard to discover—urbanity is not among them. It is rather natural that a constituency should delight in the sarcastic vigour with which its chosen one taunts the chosen ones of other localities. But these localities, being, perhaps, of less educated tastes, may be equally delighted when *their* members reply to the more or less polished taunts of the sarcastic speaker by shouts of "Judas!" or "Ananias!" or any other epithet, Biblical or otherwise, that happens to strike their delicate fancy. And seeing that it requires a certain amount of intellectual power to be efficiently sarcastic, whereas to call names needs only good lungs and bad breeding, you stand a good chance of having more Billingsgate than irony in your debate—a chance which becomes equivalent to certainty when the only person qualified to repress insults is also the only person who never hears them.

Therefore, when party feeling runs high, it is certain, under present conditions, that there will be disorder in the House of Commons. If that disorder be not at once repressed, it is certain to increase. That it has ended in a kind of a fight is not in the least to be wondered at, nor very greatly to be deplored. It was a poor enough sort of a scramble, by all accounts—which agree in that respect, if in no other—but still there was some hitting; and hitting is vastly more creditable than calling names from corners or howling beastlike through an opponent's speech.

There is no need whatever of making a noise about the deep stain on the honour and dignity of Parliament, and the necessity for a rigid inquiry and severe punishment. Parliament—or, at least, the House of Commons—is not overburdened with honour, and has hardly sufficient dignity to display a stain of any dimensions. The "faithful Commons" are now considerably more common than faithful. Further, all parties are tarred with the same brush. Mr. Crean, M.P., dealt Colonel Saunderson, M.P., those two blows which resounded hideously through the roaring House, and were handed down to posterity in that wild splendour of rich barbaric bosh that blossoms under the rays of the *Sun*. But why dealt he those blows? Because Colonel Saunderson, M.P., had struck a certain Mr. Austin, M.P. And why struck he the aforesaid Austin? Because Mr. Austin, M.P., tumbled over him, involuntarily, it would seem, but to the Colonel's mind wilfully, borne onward by an Irish rush. But why did the Irish rush and the Colonel imagine a vain thing? Even because Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., had violently ejected Mr. Logan, M.P., from the front Opposition bench, where he had no right to be. Further, it seems that Mr. Logan went thither to remonstrate with Mr. Carson for shouting "Bar! Bar!" or other words, which Mr. Carson used because he wished to support the point of order raised by Mr. Gibbs, on account of Mr. T. P. O'Connor and others shouting "Judas!" because the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain made a provoking speech

with regard to the "closure by compartments," which Mr. Gladstone adopted because the Opposition were debating the Home Rule Bill at great length on the plea of its revolutionary character, which was said to be necessary to remedy the wrongs of Ireland, which were caused—no, I decline to state by whom or what they were caused. But to get at the real culprit one might have to go back, as the poet sings, to the twin eggs of the daughters of Tyndarus.

Therefore, let us not worry overmuch and break into hysterics, as do certain journals that think the other side began it. There are more important things than even a row in the House of Commons, and it is not for the democrat to complain if, having made the Mother of Parliaments into a sort of overgrown vestry, and deliberately shelved a Chairman who could keep order in favour of a party nominee, he finds that the vestry-men act after their kind, and turn and rend one another. The civilised world will easily forget the squabble—there have been scenes as bad, in their rather different way, in French, German, American, and other Parliaments, not to mention the complicated Assemblies of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. It is possible—nay, even probable—that if you were to ask a French journalist (and "the opinion of the civilised world" generally means the French newspapers), say, one month hence, for the details of the scuffle in the House, he might not be able to give them with any accuracy—nay, he might even prove unable to distinguish between Lord Logan and Sir Saunderson.

The Siamese difficulty seems to be practically settled, though the French admiral with the German name is still, apparently, vapouring round, spoiling for a fight. Doubtless he will not have his wish, for we have got rid of the good old custom of peace in Europe and war in the East. But if the war could only be restricted to Siam, it would be really a charity for the British naval authorities to arrange a little conflict. The bold Humann evidently wants a fight, and there is no fighting to be got out of your Siamese, but rather fever incurred in chasing him. Also, our own sailors would be none the worse for a fight, and it is better, if they must be sunk, to perish by a hostile ram. So, if Admiral Humann would oblige by beginning, no doubt a meeting could be arranged. One feels sure that the gallant Frenchman would go down with the tricolour flying and his men shouting "Vive la République!" as the crew of the *Vengeur* were supposed to have done—and did not. And having such capabilities in the way of heroism, it seems a pity that he should not be permitted to display them. In days before the telegraph wire fettered admirals and captains something would have happened by this time, and somebody—probably Humann—would have gone to the bottom.

However, all is well that ends well, and the success of the French in pushing the claims of Cambodia and Annam to a large fraction of Siam should embolden other nations to copy the spirited policy which the Republic has inherited from Louis XIV. The *modus operandi* is simple. You find a State which was once very strong and is now very weak. You annex it—which is easy, since it is small and feeble—and then you lay claim to all that it possessed when at the zenith of its power. Thus, for instance, were Russia now to absorb Turkey, the Czar on such grounds might claim the bulk of Hungary as once having been undoubted Turkish soil, and graciously content himself with the rest of the country as compensation for the "encroachments" of Austria on "Russian territory." Of course, Austria would not stand this; Siam has to, and therein, and therein alone, as far as I can see, lies the difference. It seems to me that the British annexation of Burmah, avowedly because the country was desirable and the native ruler a nuisance, is more honest than this talk of "undoubted rights."

But each nation has its own hypocrisy. Ours is morality; the French is legality. Every conquest of every French sovereign or republic since Clovis—I beg his pardon, Chlodowig—has been made to vindicate legal rights. That early monarch—Frank in method as in name—asserted his "rights" with equal skill and spirit. He suggested to the son of another Frank king that it was time that the old man should vacate the throne. The youth acted on the advice, and murdered his father. Then the candid Clovis sent ambassadors to congratulate the new king, but as the latter was looking in one of his late father's treasure-chests one of the ambassadors brained him with an axe. So Clovis succeeded to that kingdom. Even so rude and untutored a barbarian—a German, too, by race—had acquired by instinct the proper respect for legal rights—his own, that is—and the knowledge of the fitting means to enforce them.

And for getting a conviction of the validity of your claims into the head of an antagonist there is hardly anything to beat an axe.

MARMITON.

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THE SIAMESE QUESTION.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. HOLT HALLETT, M.I.C.E., F.R.G.S.

Happening to be in the neighbourhood of the lovely Sussex village of Chailey, where Mr. Holt Hallett, the great traveller in Indo-China, is at present located, I took the opportunity of calling on him to benefit from his vast experience on the Siamese imbroglio, one of the burning questions of the day. He was enjoying a *dolce far niente* in a sweet old English garden overlooking a magnificent view, and, of course, was sitting cheroot in mouth.

"I believe you have a considerable knowledge of Indo-China, so much so that few, if any, in this country have had better opportunities for judging the topic of the hour?"

"Well, that's very politely put," he replied, with a smile. "Some little experience I have certainly had, for as long ago as 1868 I had the engineering control, under the Government of India, of the Burmese provinces neighbouring Siam and its Shan States, a post I held for many years, and in 1883 I commenced explorations, to which I have been devoted for a very long time, in order to trace out the best means of connecting Burmah with Siam and South-West China by railway. I have had the advantage, too, of long talks with the King of Siam and his Foreign Minister at Bangkok, and when I afterwards proceeded to China, about the commencement of the Franco-Chinese War, I had frequent interviews with the late Sir Harry Parkes, Sir Robert Hart, Sir George Bowen, and many of the leading members of our mercantile community in that country, and I also sought the opinions on my way home of Sir Cecil Smith, the Governor of the Straits Settlements, and Sir Charles Bernard, and of Lord Dufferin on arriving in Calcutta, on trade extension and the condition of affairs in Burmah and Siam generally."

"I believe you have written an official report on the state and political aspects of Indo-China, have you not?"

"Yes, I was asked to do so by our Foreign Office, and in that report I foreshadowed the present French encroachments upon Siam in these words: 'The French, sooner or later, by cajolery, bluster, or indirect attack, will acquire the whole of Luang-Prabang and the portion of the valley of the Mekong lying between that State and Cambodia.'"

"So that events have not surprised you?"

"Certainly not. The aims of France are, first, to grab as much of Indo-China as she possibly can without running the risk of a European war. Whenever and wherever we put our foot down firmly,



she will stop, but not before. Secondly, to extend French territory along the whole of Southern China, thus obtaining the avenues of trade and practicable railway routes into that country and monopolising the trade of South-West China."

"Do you believe in the buffer policy of the Government of India?"

"All buffers, unless protected by us, are useless to stay the aggression of nations with rival interests to ours. The idea of an unprotected buffer between our Indian Empire and the French possessions is absurd. Lord Beaconsfield's famous dictum that the keys of India were in London applies as forcibly to Siam as to Afghanistan."

"Now, tell me to what extent do French aims in Siam conflict with British interests?"

"Firstly, by absorbing the trade of the Siamese dominions, which is now in our hands, thus restricting British trade, particularly that of



Hong Kong and Singapore; secondly, by shutting us off from the present and prospective trade of South-West China, with its hundred million inhabitants; thirdly, by bringing French territory into juxtaposition with the eastern frontier of India, thus causing our Indian Government to incur enormous expense in fortifying and generally safeguarding that frontier; fourthly, if we allow the French to annex the remainder of Siam, our possessions in India will be entirely cut off by French territory from the Straits Settlements and from the protected States in the Malay Peninsula."

"How and to what extent do you think we can reasonably hope to combat the French designs?"

"This entirely depends on the firmness of our Government, and this, again, on the amount of pressure brought to bear on it by the mercantile community and the Press. The more we permit our sphere of interests to be encroached upon by France, the more we encourage her to further aggression. She is playing 'Box and Cox.' Any day, under the belief that our desire for peace implies a fear of war, she may force us into action by going beyond what our patience will allow. On no account should French aggression be allowed to extend to the west of 103 deg. longitude."

It was most annoying that I could not give more time to Mr. Hallett, but time, tide, and trains never consult my convenience. T. H. L.

[We are indebted to Captain Edward H. M. Davis, R.N., for the characteristic photographs of Siamese types here reproduced.]

THE SEASON AT HOMBURG.

The worst season, so far, that the time-honoured inhabitant ever remembers in Homburg is (says a correspondent) at last waking up to life, and we are all craning our necks (metaphorically) for the arrival of his Royal Highness, who is expected—those who pretend to know everything tell us—about the 12th. The Prince always brings a solid following in his wake, and if, as is currently *on dit*, the Princess comes with him this year for the waters, the fashionable English contingent will, no doubt, be still further augmented. The Empress Frederick comes to the Schloss next week, and our royalties, including the Duke of Cambridge, will also stay at the Castle. The Dukes of Abercorn and Buccleuch are already here; so also Lord and Lady Mexborough, Count Tolstoi, who wraps himself in much seclusion, and is reported to be writing something in the "Kreutzer Sonata" style, if not "more so"; Prince Serge Dolgourouky, a handsome young man, who plays tennis most picturesquely; a strong Irish contingent, numbering Lords Howth and Powerscourt among its representative men; Count and Countess Münster, with their pet greyhound; Lord Rendlesham and his pretty daughter, Miss Thellusson, one of the most indefatigable tennis-players and "dancing girls" here—they have just gone, much to everybody's regret. Then we come to Mr. John Hare, who, escaped from "Diplomatic" achievements, is here with his family, taking a much-needed rest. Among Americans are the De Kovens and a real "Mr. Barnes of New York." Mrs. Mackay is looked for, and I hear a rumour that Mrs. Ayer and her pigeon-egg diamonds are expected to scintillate among us. But the many-tongued goddess, having nothing else to do but air her views and compose *canards*, is, if possible, more unreliable at Homburg than at a London tea-table. So I wash my hands of her assertions,

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

An interesting little book of essays, pretty in outward form, "precious" in style and thought, but graceful with all its affectations, is Mr. G. S. Street's "Miniatures and Moods" (Nutt). They are studies in seventeenth-century subjects—at least, the "Miniatures" are—and their cleverness and some of their other qualities bear the stamp of the brilliant periodical in which they originally appeared.

Mr. Street belongs to that band of young men who have recoiled from Puritan traditions, and who re-read history by the light (or darkness) of all the evil, moral, social, and artistic, which they conceive to have been wrought by Puritanism. Perhaps in shaking the dust of prejudice from their feet some old cobwebs have fastened on to them. But their point of view is, at least, suggestive.

The studies of Buckingham, Claverhouse, and the others give Mr. Street an opportunity for an indirect attack on certain modern tendencies, which he thinks *bourgeois* and very absurd. The tone of all the essays is just a little superior. But there is thought beneath the superciliousness. They are better than their manner. Mr. Street has probably sat with Mrs. Meynell at the feet of Mr. Patmore, and his individuality has become a little dimmed in consequence.

The publishers are sending out next to no novels just now, but numerous batches of minor poetry. To break the dead level of mediocrity comes Miss Dora Sigerson's "Verses" (Stock). Miss Sigerson is a young Irish poetess to be counted with. In her book there is a good deal that should never have been admitted, minor verse of little distinction or beauty. But this can be forgiven for the sake of her "Cean Duv Deelish," too long, unfortunately, to quote here, and impossible to quote in part, and for her "Flight of the Wild Geese"—

Wild geese with fierce eyes, deathless hope in your hearts,
Stretching your strong white wings, eager for your flight,
These women's eyes will watch your swift returning
(Thrice the banshee cried in the stormy night).

Flinging the salt from their wings and despair from their hearts,
They arise on the breast of the storm with a cry and are gone.
When will you come home, wild geese, with your thousand strong?
(The wolf-dog loud in the silence of night howls on.)

"All Souls Night" is another of Miss Sigerson's best inspirations. It is the wail of a maiden who had set a chair and the white board spread for her dead lover on Hallow E'en—

I called his name, and the pale ghost came; but
I was afraid to meet my dear.

I closed my lids on my heart's desire, crouched
By the fire, my voice was dumb,
At my clean-swept hearth he had no mirth,
And at my table he broke no crumb.

One of the most practical books on climbing is the newly published one by Dr. Claude Wilson in the All England Series—"Mountaineering" (Bell). It is more modest in aim and size than the excellent Badminton one, but within its limits it is as good as could be desired. Dr. Wilson does not shrink from the most detailed advice on matters of which he has had experience—outfit, implements, guides, maps, and so on, and he writes distinctly for amateurs. Then, too, he writes not only as a climbing, but also as a hygienic expert. Even those who have no chance of climbing Alpine heights would do well to look at his book for the sake of the very sensible chapter on hill-climbing at home.

"An Enchanted Castle, and other Poems," by Sarah Piatt (Longmans), will be the first introduction of a notable American writer of verse to many English readers. But Mrs. Piatt is no new writer, and most of the poems in this volume even have been gathered from previously published ones. They were written in the south of Ireland, and have Irish scenes and characters and sentiments for their subjects, though Mrs. Piatt conscientiously informs us her sympathy with Ireland is "a human, not a national one."

There is much sweetness about them; and the impress of the writer's personality is strong in them all. Perhaps the best of them is "The Enchanted Castle," which tells of the spell that Ireland cast upon her—

I knew we were not quite awake
In this strange island, where no snake
Hides in the grass.

Those daisies in the dew were such
As human hand might never touch;
That white moon in the ferns and foam
Was not the moon we loved at home.

"The Ivy of Ireland" is another with peculiar delicacy of feeling and expression—

Mourner at grave and ruin! Whispering warder
Of every place forlorn,
Night listener at a vanished world's dumb border,
And first to shine with morn.

O. O.

THEATRICAL TRIFLES.

Mr. C. H. Abbott has taken the advice of the critics and cut "The Sleepwalker" vigorously, with very favourable results. Now the play, which at first dragged terribly, goes very merrily, and seems to please the audience well enough to have a chance of a long run. An almost new *lever de rideau* precedes "The Sleepwalker"; it is called "Parallel Attacks," and is written by Mr. Fred James, who acts cleverly enough in it. It was played once before at Miss Le Bert's *matinée*, and is a rather lively comedietta, founded on the scarcely novel idea of young ladies who take for themselves declarations of love made about other ladies.

Even as the original Columbus brought a run of luck to Spain, and, indeed, to all Europe, in the long ago, let us hope that the new and up-to-date "Columbus," now being evolved from the inner consciousness of "Dagonet" and his collaborator, with the valuable assistance of Mr. Ivan Caryll, those popular favourites Mr. Lonnen and Miss May Yohé, with other capable comedy artistes, will bring a long and genuine run of luck to Mr. Horace Sedger and the Lyric Theatre, which of late, in the matter of light opera, has certainly fallen upon somewhat evil days.

No manager is more quick to notice and provide for the various changes in the taste of the theatre-going public than Mr. Sedger, and it is certain that the light and comic operas which a year or two ago filled to overflowing three or four London houses simultaneously have ceased to attract, and that a variety entertainment of the "In Town" sort is more to the taste of the playgoer who wants his amusement unadulterated with instruction.

The *Theatre* magazine of this month has matter which should please every patriot. Mr. E. F. Spence has written an article on "The Acting of the Comédie Française" in its late season at Drury Lane, in which he endeavours to prove that our English players have as high a standard of acting as their French rivals. This, of course, is not the view supposed to be taken by most people, but the writer—who is the "E. F.-S." of *The Sketch*—almost succeeds, if not quite, in showing that the French players get credit for some qualities they hardly possess, and that some things accounted to them as virtues are really vices in disguise. Incidentally, he suggests that a company composed of MM. G. Alexander, Bancroft, G. Barrett, A. Bishop, F. Cooper, N. Gould, Hare, Irving, Kendal, Cyril Maude, Forbes Robertson, F. Terry, Tree, and Wyndham, and Mesdames Bernard-Beere, Olga Brandon, Patrick Campbell, Fanny Compton, Winifred Emery, Kendal, Olga Nethersole, Kate Phillips, Kate Rorke, Ellen Terry, Marion Terry, Ellaline Terriss, Tree, and Le Théâtre could quite hold its own against the members of the Comédie Française.

A curious confirmation of the views of Mr. Spence comes in the announcement that the manager of the Gymnase has offered Mlle. Reichenberg £400 a month to appear at his theatre, which suggests a great dearth in France of ladies able to play *ingénue* parts. In the *Theatre* article the following phrases are used about the deserter from the Comédie Française: "The French are gallant enough to accept her as *ingénue* and to assume that by adopting a hard, squeaky voice, which, as her Ophelia showed, is artificial, and jerky gestures she really represents sweet seventeen." Certain it is that the £400 a month actress had scant success in London, and in Ophelia, a splendid acting part, was tame and colourless.

Among the interesting books of the season should be reckoned "The Imaginative Faculty," by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, which is a very pretty reprint of his lecture at the Royal Institution, delivered last May. The main object is to suggest that "the education of the artist (actor) should be directed rather to the development of the imagination than to the storage of facts." Mr. Tree is not one of those who, like Lekain, study each gesture before a looking-glass. In his essay, which is very pleasantly written, he touches the Ibsen question, and expresses great admiration for the imaginative quality of "The Master-BUILDER."

Between the strict theatre and the music hall the Gaiety seems determined to hold the mean. The so-called burlesques have always had a strong flavour of the Theatre of Varieties, which of late has been much intensified. Now three "turns" are thrown in. The first is Mr. Tom Browne, an American, who mixes cocktails and whistles wonderfully. To the bewilderment of most of the audience, he even whistles two notes at once. This is not a unique performance, for years ago, before Mrs. Shaw's appearance, at the musical "At Homes" at the old Crichton Club there was a member who used to whistle the two notes simultaneously with absolute ease. Turn No. 2 is Miss Cissy Loftus, and last comes Mlle. Mealy. I wonder what the authors of "In Town" think of this treatment of their work.

The dividend for the year ending July paid by the New Tivoli Music-Hall Company must make the mouths water of those people who go in for what they call "safe things." Twenty-five per cent. dividend and £4305 carried to reserve fund seems handsome enough to satisfy anyone, and the figures show that it is a net profit of £400 a week. Of course, some people will remember sadly the fate of the company which actually built this music hall, whose history confirms the maxim that fools found enterprises for wise men to make fortunes on the ruins. The latest addition to music-halldom—the New Olympic—reminds one of the fact that the large building was erected for Mr. Wilson Barrett less than three years ago, and could not hold its own for long.

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



THE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY.

A REMARKABLE COWBOY RACE.

AN EVENT OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Some time ago a terrible race on horseback—terrible to the horses—was ridden by German and Austrian officers between Berlin and Vienna.

Quite a different interest—a breezy, healthful, almost a romantic interest—attaches to a cowboy race which has just been run over the prairies

of Western America. It was, in fact, a World's Fair event, Chicago being the goal whither a dozen cowboys spurred their horses for thirteen days in succession. In every inch of the race the cowboy came out in all his native picturesqueness. A finer silhouette of Western life has not been given us for a long time.

Why such a race at all? Simply to show what horses mounted by cowboys were capable of in the way of endurance. In case there should be any cruelty to the horses, officers of humane societies accompanied the cowboys from start until finish. A little town called Chadron, buried away in the recesses of Nebraska, saw the start. Glance at the accompanying picture, and you will see the cowboys as they listened to a little



JOHN BERRY, WINNER OF COWBOY RACE.

speech—a flower of Western oratory—with which they were started on their race.

"Gentlemen," said the starter, "the time to begin the great cowboy race from Chadron to Chicago has arrived. Pay strict attention to the rules governing the race, also to the laws of the States through which you pass. Take good care of your ponies, and sustain the renown of the city of Chadron, the State of Nebraska, and the Great West."

So at the crack of the pistol the cowboys, each with a relief horse in lead, began a race of a thousand and forty miles. "I tell you what it is," remarked Major Burke, the genial manager of Buffalo Bill's Wild West, the day the race ended, "if you had a full biography of some of those boys it would be interesting."

"Rattlesnake Pete"—take the nickname of only one of the riders, and imagine the wealth of adventure that would attach to it. Was it "Rattlesnake Pete" or another who, whenever his horse rested, lay down in the same stall with it? Certainly it was Joe Gillespie who lost precious minutes on the road because people, by way of souvenir, would come and pull hairs out of his grey horse's tail. What could he do?

"I could cuss at the men who tried to pull hairs out of the beast's

tail," Gillespie confided to a friend, "but what could a feller do agin a woman? It was the women who pulled most of the hairs out of the old horse's tail, and some of them were mighty attentive to the man who rode him." The "mighty attentive" was a tearful apostrophe to a bundle of dainty women's handkerchiefs which Gillespie—a handsome fellow, by-the-by—pulled out of his pockets.

"Poison" was the name of the horse that first shambled up, dead beat almost, to the winning post, Buffalo Bill's tent.

"Glad to see you, Berry, old man," quoth Buffalo Bill, shaking the rider's hand warmly. Berry—John Berry—of Chadron, was the winner; the others dropped in during the next twelve hours. Berry's best record was the ride of the last hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours. He and the others coming nearest him averaged—a wonderful performance, surely, when it is remembered that not a horse was hurt—fully seventy miles a day over the whole length of the race. Some of the riders were charged with having rested themselves by getting "lifts" in carriages; but, if that was done, it was only by those already so far behind as to be out of the race.

"Out West" the details of the great cowboy race will be cherished like household gods, like the hairs of Joe Gillespie's grey mare's tail. "Out West" the men who rode in the race will henceforward have the prestige of little kinglets—far higher places in the regard of the people than a mere President of the United States Republic could occupy.

Great is the cowboy.

J. M.

"AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEP BLUE SEA."

Apropos of the sinking of H.M.S. Victoria, and the inaccessibility of the vessel, it is interesting to note that an engineer from Lyttleton, New Zealand, Mr. Alexander Joyce, is now on his way to this country with a diving-bell which he has invented, and by which he claims to be able to reach depths of the sea hitherto inaccessible. Mr. Joyce calculates on a working depth of at least 100 fathoms, or 600 ft., which includes the whole of the English Channel, North Sea, Irish Sea, and a large part of the Mediterranean Sea, although, by increasing the strength of the apparatus, there is no reason why far greater depths should not be reached. The apparatus consists primarily of a closed metal bell, where the bell takes the entire pressure of the water. This bell, as designed, is made large enough to contain two men, and is proposed to be made either of gun metal or bronze. It is furnished with large electric lights, look-out apertures fitted with strong glass, and telephone. The men inside are enabled to light up the water outside, and by means of the look-outs to see any object or vessel that may be on the bottom, and by means of the telephone to advise those on the surface how to direct automatic grapplings so as to recover the vessel or article. The bell is so constructed that it will float with about one-fourth of its bulk out of the water, and is sunk by means of a heavy piece of metal as ballast. This ballast may be detached if necessary, so that the men may rise to the surface in the bell. This, of course, would only be in case of accident to the gear by which, in ordinary case, the bell would be raised or lowered. The men are supplied with air by means of pipes, but, as the pressure of water is borne by the bell, the occupants are only under the normal pressure of the atmosphere, and may be lowered to any depth the bell may be constructed for. This invention, in view of our latest disaster at sea, is a very timely one.



THE COWBOYS READY TO START.



"WHAT! MY DEAR LADY DISDAIN, ARE YOU YET LIVING?"

"Much Ado About Nothing," Act i., Scene 1.

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

BEHIND A MASK.

BY A. ENTHOVEN.

The clocks of Paris were striking two.

Gustave Rolland closed the old quarto volume he was studying, rose, stretched himself, and made up his mind to go to bed. It was *Jeudi Gras*,



He turned, and extinguished the lamp.

"I hope to become one," answered Gustave, modestly. "But give yourself the trouble to come in"—for the stranger had remained standing in the doorway. He complied, but declined the offer of a seat.

"My business is urgent. I have no time to lose. I have come to offer you a commission. It is to make a slight sketch—a portrait—but it must be done to-night—immediately, in fact; and, moreover, with the condition of perfect secrecy. For this service I am empowered to offer you 5000 francs. Do you accept?"

"Will the sitter come here?" asked Gustave.

A curious expression crossed the stranger's face.

"No, my carriage is below, and will take you where the sketch must be made. There is one more condition that should be mentioned—you must submit to be blindfolded during the drive."

Gustave hesitated. The mystery of the affair made him suspect foul play, especially the last condition. But then, on the other hand, what interest could this man have in making away with a poor artist like himself? His property was nil, and his importance as small. The offer of the 5000 francs tempted him: it was a fortune to one of his means, and put the long-coveted journey to Rome within his reach. His love of adventure and a certain amount of curiosity to see the end of the mystery prompted him to say "Yes."

"Monsieur, I accept," he said at length, "but on one condition—that I am allowed to carry a revolver."

"As you wish," answered the stranger, courteously. "But now that you have decided, I must beg of you to waste as little time as possible. Bring with you the materials you can work in quickest."

Gustave hastily collected some charcoal and paper, threw his overcoat around his shoulders, and loading his revolver placed it in the breast of his coat.

"I am ready," he said, holding the door for the stranger to pass out. Then he turned, extinguished the lamp, locked the door and put the key in his pocket, while the question flitted through his brain, "Would he ever return to use it again?"

At the entrance to the house a smart little brougham was waiting; the stranger opened the door and followed Gustave into it. "Allow me," he said, as soon as they were seated, and, producing a large white silk handkerchief, he proceeded to blindfold Gustave, as he had stipulated.

The brougham rolled swiftly and smoothly along the still noisy streets. Gustave's companion made no attempt at conversation, and his own brain was so busily at work attempting to fathom the mystery of the adventure in which he was engaged that he was glad of the silence.

and his friends were probably at the height of their enjoyment of the Bal de l'Opéra, but he had resisted all their persuasions to accompany them; he could not afford to risk the loss of the next day's work. He was engaged on a historical picture which was to gain him the Prix de Rome, for Gustave Rolland was an art student, poor, provincial, but young, gifted, and determined—"bon diable," in the phraseology of his friends, "*un gaillard qui a du talent*," in the opinion of his master. His success was expected.

He was just about to undress, when he was startled by a sharp, loud knock at his door. He supposed it to be one of his masquerading friends, and took no notice. The knock was repeated more peremptorily.

"*Va-t-en, coquin!*" called out Gustave. "I am asleep."

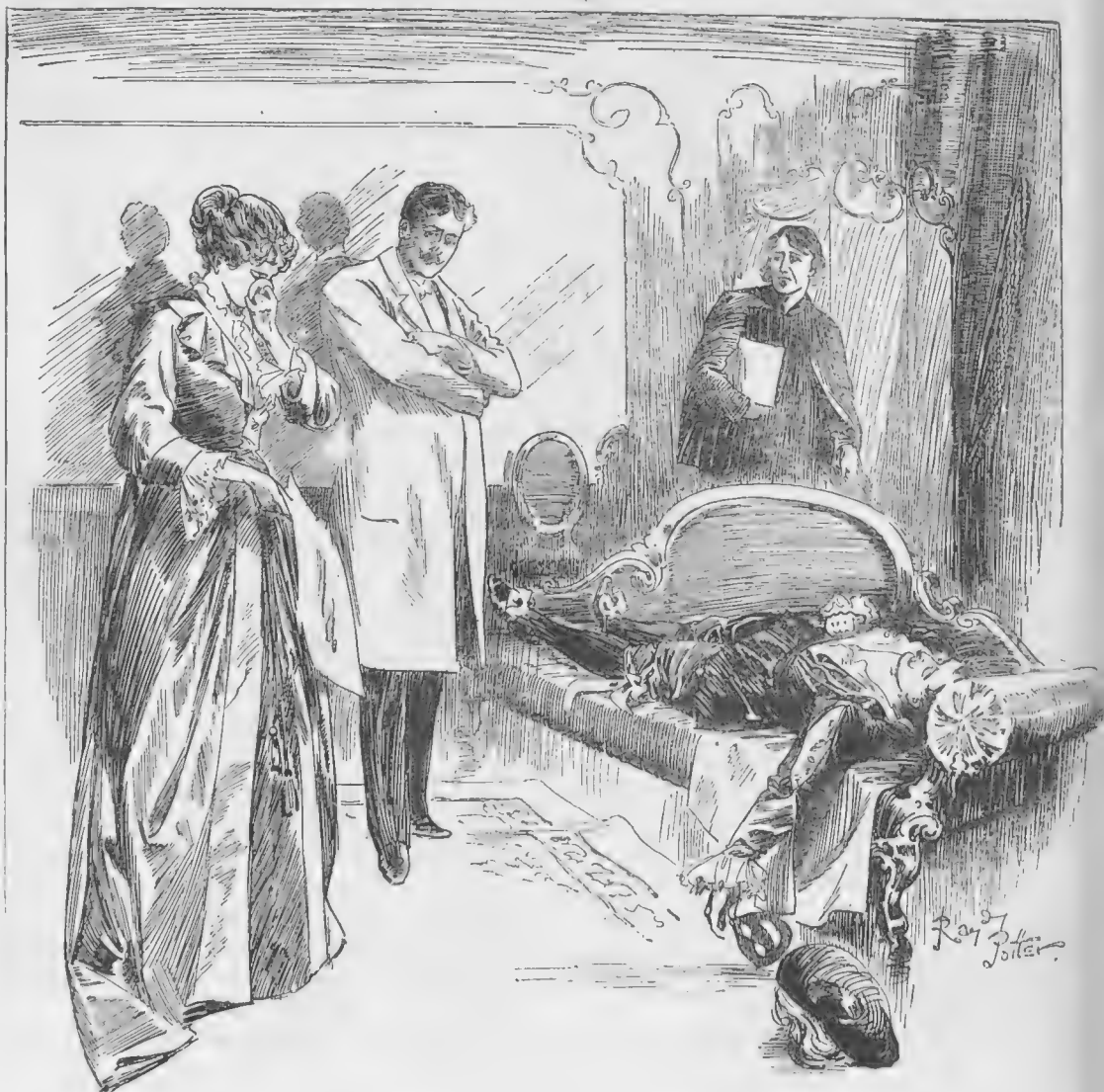
"Open your door, Monsieur, I beg of you," answered a voice he did not recognise. "I am here on an affair of importance."

The tone sounded serious; the voice was unknown. Gustave opened the door. He found himself face to face with a distinguished-looking man of about thirty, tall and dark, with singularly piercing eyes. He wore a light overcoat, which was open, and showed he was in evening dress. He was a total stranger to Gustave, who could only imagine that he had come there by mistake, though unable to account for his presence in such humble quarters as a *cinquième* in the Rue d'Arcole. The illusion was dispelled by the stranger's first words.

"I have the honour of addressing M. Gustave Rolland?"

"The same, Monsieur," answered Gustave, still more astonished.

"You are an artist, Monsieur?" pursued the stranger.



She shuddered as she approached the dead man's side.

Presently, from the greater freshness of the air and the sweet scent of the almond and thorn trees borne into the carriage, Gustave surmised that they must be passing through the Bois de Boulogne. Still they rolled on, and still the silence was unbroken. The air changed again—it was no longer loaded with the scent of the spring flowers and the dampness of vegetation; they had emerged from the Bois and in a few minutes the carriage stopped. Gustave was assisted out of the brougham, and up some steps across what he took to be an entrance-hall, and then he became aware of a sudden glare of light. The bandage was removed from his eyes, and he stood blinking and dazed, unable for a few moments to realise the scene before him. What he saw was a brilliantly lighted salon, the yellow damask of the walls heightening the effect of the many candles in their glittering silver sconces. It was a room of luxurious elegance, crowded with objects of beauty and devices for comfort. He was standing by a couch on which lay a young man in grotesque Carnival costume; the hideous mask he had been wearing had fallen off, and lay in grinning contrast to the calm, dark beauty of the face. The gaudy dress was disordered and open on his chest, disclosing a fine white shirt, on which was a dark stain of blood. A thin streak of it had oozed down on the yellow damask of the couch, and was lost in the dull reds and greens of the Persian carpet. Gustave started back in horror.

"He is dead!" he said to his companion.

The latter looked at him sternly and let the remark pass unheeded.

"Monsieur, this is the portrait you have to make. You must work quickly, for time is short. I have to ask you to allow me to lock you in. Here is an alarm-bell: strike it when you have finished, I will return."

Gustave bowed his head in reply. The whole thing was so extraordinary that he was beginning to lose his sense of reality, or power of being surprised at anything. Mechanically he took out his materials and set to work.

After an hour's work he had succeeded in producing a charcoal sketch of the head to his satisfaction. He had forgotten to ask whether more was required, but shrunk from perpetuating the tragedy of the whole scene. He touched the bell; the gentleman he had seen before reappeared.

"Is this what you require, Monsieur?" asked Gustave.

"Perfect, perfect!" said the stranger, looking earnestly at the sketch. "Monsieur, I have to thank you for the courage and talent with which you have rendered me a great service. Here is the recompense agreed upon, but, believe me, I feel it a light one compared with what you have done for me."

The stranger's tone was calm and polite as before: Gustave could trace no sign of emotion in it. "I may consider myself free to depart?" he asked, feeling that, now his work was done, the sooner he was out of this atmosphere of tragedy the better.

His words seemed to bring a fresh idea into the stranger's mind.

"Will you add to your services by remaining just one moment longer?" he asked.

Gustave assented. The stranger went to another door, and left the room, returning after a few minutes with a lady, tall, dark, and remarkably handsome. The flowing silk and lace of the *peignoir* she had hastily thrown round her indicated the perfect proportion and almost sensual beauty of her form; her lustrous eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her face bore traces of the severe mental suffering she had undergone.

The stranger led her up to where Gustave stood, and put his sketch into her hand; then he moved off, and, taking up his position at the head of the couch, folded his arms, and stood looking at her with his glittering eyes. She shuddered as she approached the dead man's side, and averted her eyes from his face, but gazed long and earnestly at the sketch in her hands.

For some time she seemed unable to speak; the paper trembled in her grasp, and made the only sound that broke the terrible silence. Then she handed the sketch to Gustave and faltered, "*Merci.*" She turned to leave the room, but as she neared the door a thought seemed to strike her. She came back hastily, and drawing from her finger a heavy gold ring of quaint Oriental workmanship pressed it into Gustave's hand. She left the room; her silk gown made a slight *frou-frou* in the passage, then there was silence again.

"Our business is finished," said the stranger. "I have only to thank you again and reconduct you home. Shall we go?"

"I am at your orders, Monsieur," said Gustave, collecting his drawing materials.

The bandage was replaced on his eyes, and he was again led across the hall, down the steps, and into the carriage.

Arrived at Rue d'Arcole, the stranger paused before removing the bandage.

"Remember, Monsieur, the condition was for absolute silence. I can rely on you?"

"As on yourself," said Gustave, firmly.

"*Soit. Je vous remercie.*"

The bandage was withdrawn, Gustave stepped out of the carriage and stood at his own door in the grey dawn, watching a very smart little dark-green brougham as it sped rapidly away down the deserted street.

Gustave Rolland won the Prix de Rome, and the next winter saw him installed there. His picture had made him a name; his work in Rome became known, and brought him into request as a painter of portraits. He did not care for society, but it was necessary for him sometimes to show himself at the great houses. There was a reception at the French Embassy, and Gustave was induced to go; but he cared little for the meaningless interchange of phrases with which society amuses or bores itself, and he stood aside, leaning against the wall, watching the ceaseless movement of the brilliant crowd. Suddenly his attention was attracted by the entrance of a tall, dark, distinguished-looking man, and again he seemed to see the brilliant yellow drawing-room, the motionless form, and the beautiful woman with the lustrous eyes.

"Can you tell me the name of that gentleman who has just come in?" he asked of an acquaintance standing near him.



"Can you tell me the name of that gentleman?"

"That? Oh, that's the Comte de la Verdrière. He was very well known in Paris at one time; but he has been about very little since his brother's death, two years ago."

"Had it such an effect?"

"It was, indeed, a very sad affair—odd, too."

"In what way?"

"No one quite knew how it came about. There was certainly foul play somewhere."

"Two years ago, did you say?" asked Gustave. "That's very strange."

"That you didn't hear of it, you mean? This man had great influence, and got it hushed up, but *à Paris on sait tout*, and it leaked out. It was a case of '*Cherchez la femme*,' of course. This one was remarkably beautiful, and De la Verdrière was hopelessly infatuated. But one night when he arrived he found himself forestalled by a successful rival."

"How?"

"It was Carnival; the rival was in costume and masked, as he was on the point of leaving. De la Verdrière gave him no time to explain—there wasn't much explanation possible—but seized a queer sort of dagger lying there—it's the craze to have these knick-knacks lying about now—and went for him. It was only as the mask fell from the dead man's face that De la Verdrière recognised his brother. He was devoted to him, too, had been a sort of father to him, as there was considerable difference of age between them. He has never been the same since, and quite disappeared from society. This is the first thing he's shown at."

"It's a queer story," said Gustave. "How did you get hold of all these details?"

"It took place before a woman, *mon ami*. *Mais ce n'est pas gai*. Let us have some supper."

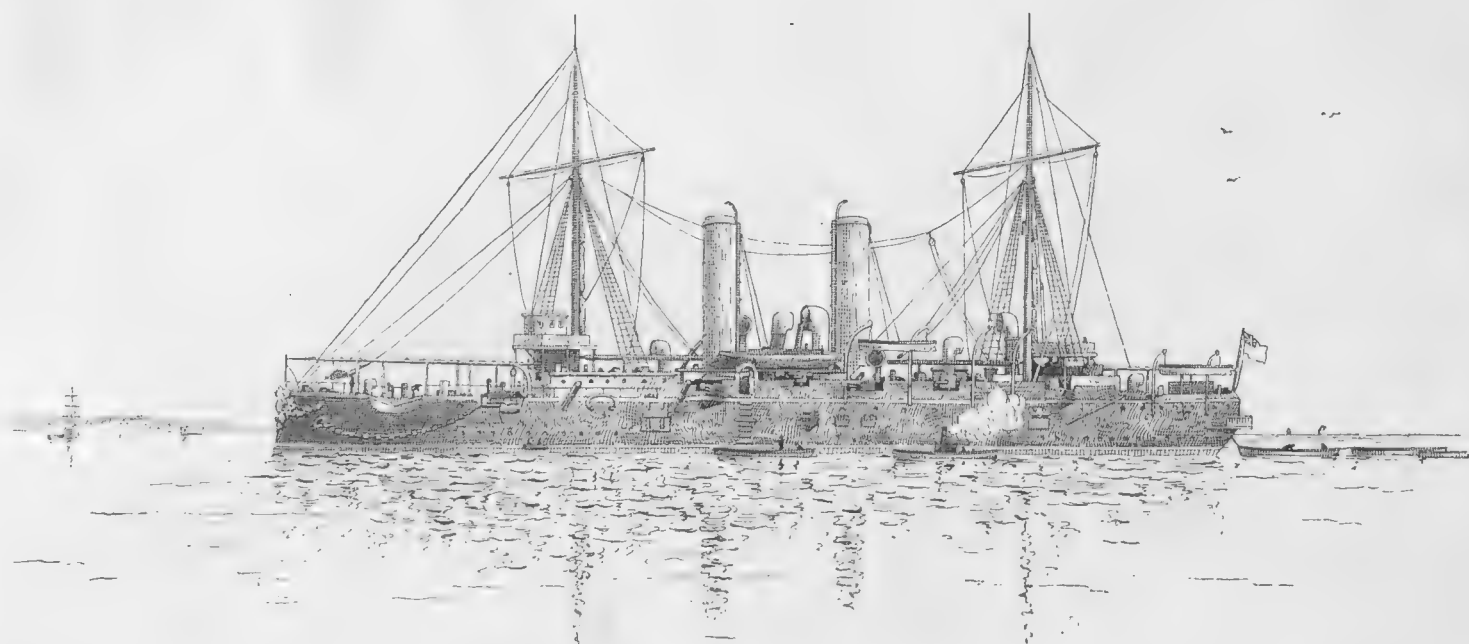


H.M.S. GRAFTON.



Fitting up in the Victoria Dock.

Towing Her Down the Dock to the River.



Completed 92

Complete for Sea.

P. H. M. 1893

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE ART OF SWIMMING.*

"Virtue is praised and freezes," says Juvenal, but with no reference to those wintry natatorial feats which mark the hardihood and the vigour of English swimming in our day. If one needed any testamur to the ripeness of the national love for water, assuredly it might be found in



THE SERPENTINE CLUB: CHRISTMAS MORNING.

a line from this new and admirable volume of the Badminton series, a line which tells us that quite a host of swimming clubs exist for the purpose of cultivating the art in the season of ice, and that a race is held in the river Clyde on every New Year's morning. In London we have long talked of the Christmas handicap which zealots hold in the Serpentine; perchance, we have turned over in our beds at dawn on Dec. 25, and have muttered "Poor devils!" but in no case have we denied the phenomenal keenness which such an exhibition displays. Look, for instance, upon the old man who for many years was the delight of the loungers on those icy occasions. Hoary-headed and old enough to know better, this aged person's Christmas dip was the comic relief which softened the rigours of the shivering crew. "To see the old man go tenderly down the bank in a pair of straw shoes, take the gear off, place them carefully at the edge of the lake, and then plunge in was a sight never to be forgotten." But his after-performance was the best; out he would come, don his shoes, and go for a training spin along the bank. His average time for a hundred yards could possibly be beaten, but his finishing feat no other living man could equal. With a leap forward, he would stand on his hands and hoist his legs, shoes and all, into mid-air. It might have been for the purpose of fetching the blood to his head, or some scientific experiment known only to himself, but he never explained.

It is just this veteran vigour which marks the progress of the art of natation among us. Twenty years ago the historic miner of Blackpool remarked to his friend who was bathing, "Bill, how black you be!" to which the equally historic answer was, "Aye, but I missed the trip last year." Nowadays, the parish washes us; the *gamin* learns to swim at the price of a few pence. The new baths everywhere springing up may lack the glory of the baths of Caracalla, but they serve the purpose of producing a race of swimmers. The ignorance of the fine art which was our forefathers' boast is our reproach. We do not pretend, like Huët, Bishop of Avranches, that we found ourselves able to swim when first we tumbled into the water, but we are gradually coming to teach swimming scientifically and to realise how much depends on a careful and systematic course for him who would excel.

To-day there are practically two styles of swimming, so far as pure speed is concerned. The first is the style of Horace Davenport and James Finney; the second, the style of the new school represented by E. T. Jones, J. J. Collier, J. Nuttall, and a few more prominent speedists. The difference in the fundamentals of these practically lies in the adaptation of the leg-stroke. The old swimmer uses his legs for the side stroke much as he uses them for the breast stroke. The new man, on the other hand, seems to gallop through the water with his legs just as he would run a hundred yards on land; his motions may lack grace, but speed they do not lack, as some of the times prove clearly enough. In any attempt at distance this rational mode of swimming is indispensable; but sprint-racers do not forget the

teaching of Trudgeon, who carried off a handicap here twenty years ago by swimming in the Indian style, with both arms out of the water. He made a sensation, and took cups, but his method is worthless for anything but a mere burst.

Most swimmers, and others who have been to the Aquarium recently on the off-chance of seeing a diver break his neck, will turn with some expectation to the Badminton chapters on high diving. They will there find it recorded that we are, after all, but poor hands at the high dive, and mere children by comparison, say, with the divers of Hawaii. Here, for instance, is an account of the pastime of the people of Hilo, taken from that vastly interesting book, "The Voyage of the Sunbeam." Lady Brassey then witnessed the feats of two natives, who were to jump into the river from a precipice 100 ft. high, and to clear on their way a rock which projected some 20 ft. "The two men, tall, strong, and sinewy, suddenly appeared against the sky-line, far above our heads, their long hair bound back by a wreath of leaves and flowers, while another garland encircled their waists. Having measured their distance with an eagle's glance, they disappeared from our sight; every breath was held for a moment, till one of the men reappeared, took a bound from the edge of the rock, turned over in mid-air, and disappeared, feet foremost, into the pool beneath, to emerge almost immediately, and to climb the sunny bank as quietly as if he had done nothing very wonderful." A third native, who joined these two, gave one quite a turn as he twisted in his downward jump; but he also alighted in the water feet foremost, and bobbed up again directly like a cork. He had ribs missing, and had been six months in hospital, which accounted for his aerial eccentricities.

So much has been heard of pearl divers, and so many lies have been told about them by eye-witnesses, that a little veracious information is very welcome. So far as one can gather, the pearl divers of Ceylon make no pretence to remain under water more than sixty seconds, and, although there



PEARL DIVING, CEYLON.

* "Swimming." By Archibald Sinclair and William Henry. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

are men who can remain below for eighty or even one hundred seconds, the common practice is a dive of forty or fifty seconds. We are told that the boats employed are open, and vary in size from ten to fifteen tons burthen. They put out at night, usually about ten o'clock; the shark-charmers having done their work at the beginning of the season. Each diver is provided with a diving-stone weighing about thirty pounds, fastened to a rope long enough to plumb the bottom, and having a loop for the man's foot. When the diver is ready, he takes his basket for the pearl oysters upon his arm, and placing his foot in the loop attached to the stone, he liberates the coils of rope, and descends rapidly straight to the beds. It is curious that accidents so rarely happen; but Sir E. Tennant attributes the absence of the sharks from the fishing grounds to the bustle and the noise made by the pearling party, although, of course, the natives ascribe it to nothing but the conjurations

IN THE CLOUDS.

"I want to get there—right there, into the business end of the storm where the tornado is generated. I want the tornado's secret, its agent, and, God helping me, I shall have it. If electricity, then we may be able to dissipate Jove's most awful wrath, and relieve our great cities of their worst nightmare, their most insidious and most implacable foe." The man who made this bold and striking remark is Professor Hazen, chief of the United States Weather Bureau at Washington. He has nearly completed arrangements for a series of not less than 1000 high altitude balloon ascensions, to be made as often as three times a day under a new and original principle of gas conservation, with new scientific instruments made in this country expressly for the purpose, the start to be made from Washington. To begin



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

of the shark-charmer. The men seem healthy enough in the work; but the fabulous accounts of their marvellous respiratory powers are not warranted by the facts, and there are scores of divers in this country who are not black, and who do not fish for pearl, who would do for a shilling that which the gentlemen of Aripoo do for a living.

There is a very excellent account of all this deep diving in the new "Badminton," and it is needless to say that the technical part of the volume is very complete and equally valuable. The matter everywhere, in fact, is well up-to-date, even to record of the work now done by many ladies in baths and in the sea. The girl of the period no longer clings in pretty panic to the solid and immovable hulk—the bathing woman, to wit. Rather, in a piquant costume, and conscious of the "other," who is sneaking away on the promenade there, she joins the Nereides sporting in the shallows of the sea, and even dives and swims with consummate grace. In a few south coast villages it is already permitted her to bathe in the same waters as the enemy, and one may well hope for the day when the brother shall teach the aunt, or even the cousin, to swim unhampered by the telescope of Mrs. Grundy.

M. P.

with, the balloon is to be a 20,000 cubic feet soarer, with drag-rope, net, basket, and a new-fangled anchor, all complete. The weight of the balloon stuff, which is common cotton cloth varnished and rubbed ten times before sewed up, is half a pound to the square yard. An aneroid barometer—that is to say, a duplicated set, one reading to 2000 ft. high, the other from 16,000 to 35,000 ft.—will be the principal instrument used in the balloon. It has been made especially in London for these experiments, and is the only one of that power in existence. The aerial transit across the Atlantic Ocean is the ultimate object towards which Professor Hazen's plans are tending. He states unreservedly that he will make the trip if he lives. He is already looking forward to the construction of a balloon basket in the form of a completely equipped open boat with air-tight compartments. In this vehicle, stored with food and drink for many days, Professor Hazen will set out without a qualm of fear. The rising and the falling of the balloon can be regulated by an original device of Professor Hazen's. He will carry a bucket at the end of a long rope, draw water from the ocean for the necessary ballast whenever his balloon seems to get more buoyant, and pour it out again when he needs buoyancy.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



PORTRAIT DE SON EXCELLENCE LORD DUFFERIN ET AVA, AMBASSADEUR D'ANGLETERRE.—J. J. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

On Bank Holiday, even before these words are beneath the eyes of readers, the Academy of 1893 is destined to close. Year by year the great historical exhibition opens its doors to the public; year by year the public flock to its galleries; the critics carp, the many applaud, odious comparisons are struck, and the sacred Forty, with their stupendous following, return for the composition of fresh matter for carping



ZULEIKA.—ALFRED PRAGER.
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.

criticism, for applause, and for odious comparisons. Yearly the wisdom of the very existence of such an institution is discussed, and generally condemned; but, rich and indifferent, the Academy continues its prosperous career, confers its infrequent honours, and stimulates the ambitions of the artistic crowd.

Of course, it is perfectly true that those critics of the Academy who object to its very existence have a great deal that is clever and convincing to say for themselves. There is no doubt that acres of useless canvas are squandered by men who are practically wasting their time in even attempting pictorial representation, men who would not embark in such an attempt if it were not for the possibility of the encouragement which an Academy is able to confer. Such a waste and such an annual failure are not among the pleasant artistic facts of the time. False ideals are certainly created, and bogus reputations are formed. An Academy also fosters a too popular, and therefore, possibly, vulgar, standard from which art comes to be regarded. It is a truism to which it is almost silly to give voice at the present moment that a true appreciation of art is only for the few in this world, that the real artist is only occasionally recognised, and that the false, the meretricious, the gaudy, and the vulgar are far surer of general recognition than the refined and the restrained.

Thus is stated, and stated with not too great a severity, the case against the Academy. But, fortunately for so popular and so venerable an institution, there is a totally different aspect of the question. Granted that acres of canvas are yearly wasted: why should they not be so wasted? And how is such an evil—if evil it be—comparable to the good that is accomplished in the encouragement given, on the other hand, to genuine talent and to the justifiable ambitions of gifted youth? A young man who has such genuine talent would not have the smallest chance of publishing his gifts to the world if it were not for the existence of an Academy. But an Academy not only

offers him this opportunity; by its acceptance of the result of his endeavours it also gives an encouragement and a spur to his efforts which are of even greater importance than mere publication. It has rewards in its hands that stimulate such as are not superior to rewards to a labour that they would otherwise regard as hopeless and useless; and if such rewards are conferred according to justice and merit they are of incalculable help to the meritorious and deserving. So that we make our bow to the dying Academy of '93 with sentiments, if not of ardent admiration, of genuine respect and hopefulness.

We have heard nothing further of the missing "Duchess of Devonshire," which, as we recorded last week, was reported as found under circumstances of peculiar and almost incredible romance. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, it is understood, is engaged in pursuing inquiries on the subject, presumably in Parisian prisons; yet we have considerable doubts that further information will be heard in its regard. We prefer to echo with a contemporary not often inclined to humorous suggestion: "Is this the third or fourth time that the 'Lost Duchess' has been found, or is it the fifth?"

We have often mentioned in this column and commented upon the strange chances of popularity that befall pictures and painters in the onward course of time. The Italians now are up, now are down; the Dutch now are down, now—and emphatically now—are up. The popularity of the earlier Victorian school of painting is no less interesting in its changes and chances. The other day, at Christie's, among many paintings removed from Cassiobury Park, was the "Cat's-paw" of Sir Edwin Landseer, the picture which practically opened the gate of fortune to that peculiarly popular painter. Finished some seventy years ago, it was sold to a dealer for £100, and promptly re-sold to the Earl of Essex at a profit of £20; since that date it has been exhibited twice publicly, and Lewis's engraving of it added enormously to the already extraordinary reputation of the painter. Landseer himself valued the picture, some thirty years ago, at a sum of £3000, and, doubtless, at that day the canvas would have secured that sum. At Christie's the picture has now gone for £934. Of such changing stuff is popularity woven.

For the undoubted fact is that Landseer's popularity has long been on the wane. Apropos of which fact one recalls a recent story told of Landseer, which is instructive when contrasted with the chief indictments that form the staple of hostile criticism. The common criticism, of course,



LEILA.—ALFRED PRAGER.
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



LES FILLES DE MENESTHO.—F. LE QUESNE.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



SALMON FISHING ON THE DEE.—JOSEPH FARQUHARSON.

Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 143, New Bond Street, W.

which is supposed to demolish Landseer is the accusation that, instead of painting animals as animals seem and really are, with animal emotion and merely animal sensibility, he has painted animals with human emotions and human sensibilities. And the criticism undoubtedly is true. But it forgets that this is precisely what Landseer set out to accomplish. "I wish to bring out," he once said, "human feeling and human thought—endurance, impudence, pain, joy, and the rest—through the medium of animal life." So that the hostile criticism only

succeeds in making Landseer's ambition triumphant. Nevertheless, the further question still remains to ask—that conundrum asked by the Devil and unanswerable by man—"It's pretty, but is it art?" The verdict of time, for that matter, seems to grow unfavourable.

Turner, however, seems really destined to bid defiance to the shocks and blows of time. From the same collection, his "Trout Stream" fetched no less than £5000, his "Walton Bridge" and "The Nore" bringing in over £4000 apiece. Mr. Ruskin ought, indeed, to die a happy man. At the same sale other more or less big prices were given, but none of a startlingly inadequate amount. A Holbein drawing, on the one hand, went for no more than £61, and a Ruysdael, on the other hand, for more than £1200.

The picture by Mr. G. F. Watts now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery at Vigo Street should be visited by all who care for the honour of our native art. For here is an Englishman who is, beyond all cavil and question, an artist, and the development of Mr. Watts's work is full of interest.

We mentioned last week that Mr. Agnew had presented to the nation the painting which is generally regarded as Fred Walker's masterpiece, despite the fulness of detail which so many able critics have genuinely deplored. The picture, known by the name of "The Harbour Refuge," is, for the present, hanging in the Turner Room of the National Gallery, the number being 1391. Nobody who visits it can fail to be impressed by the simple and even grandiose effects which have been secured out of the handling of details with a sense of proportion. It is a far finer picture than the only other specimen of Walker in the same galleries.



HERBILLONNES.—J. C. BOQUET.

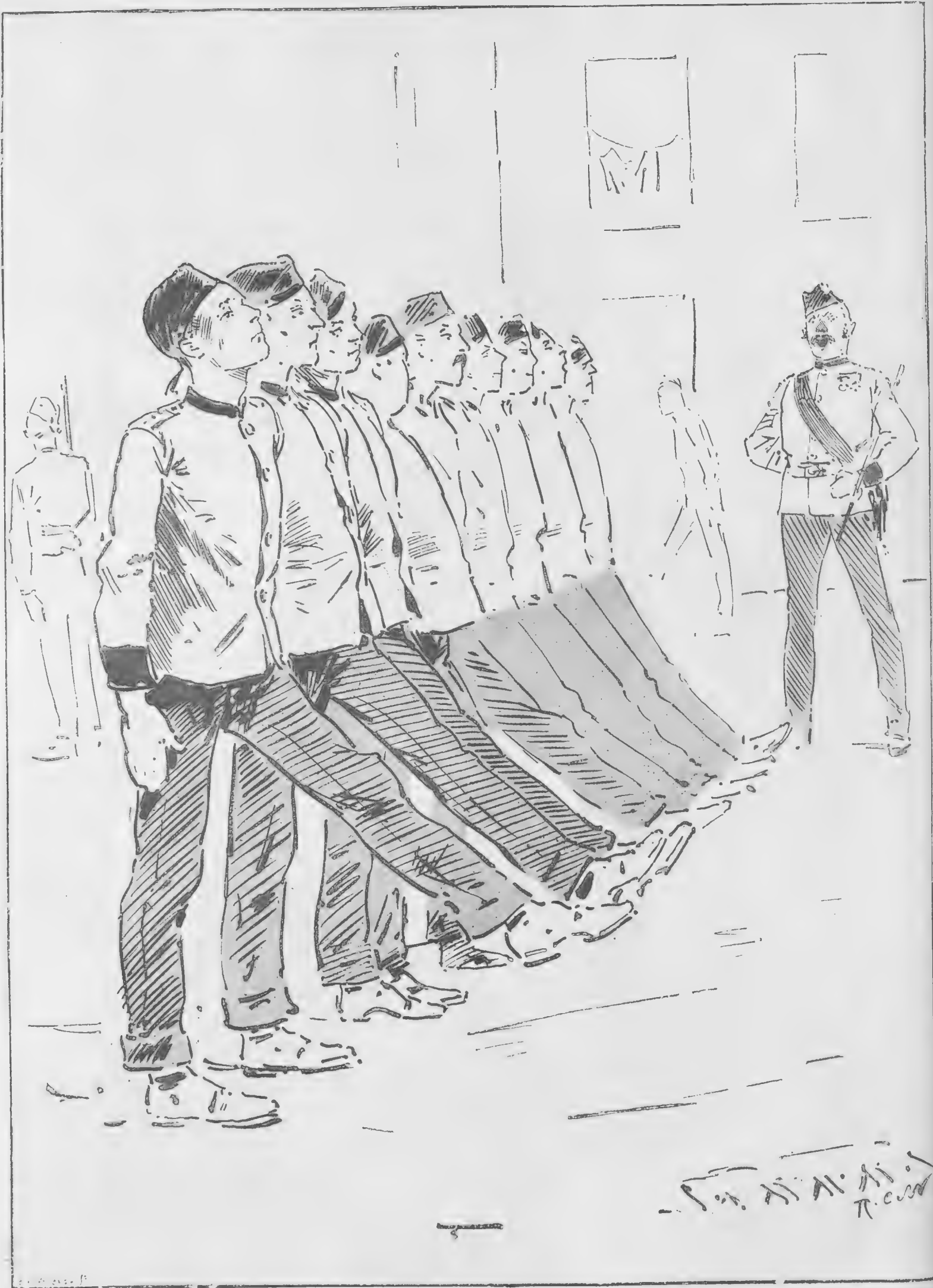
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



BOUND FOR "THE TWELFTH."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



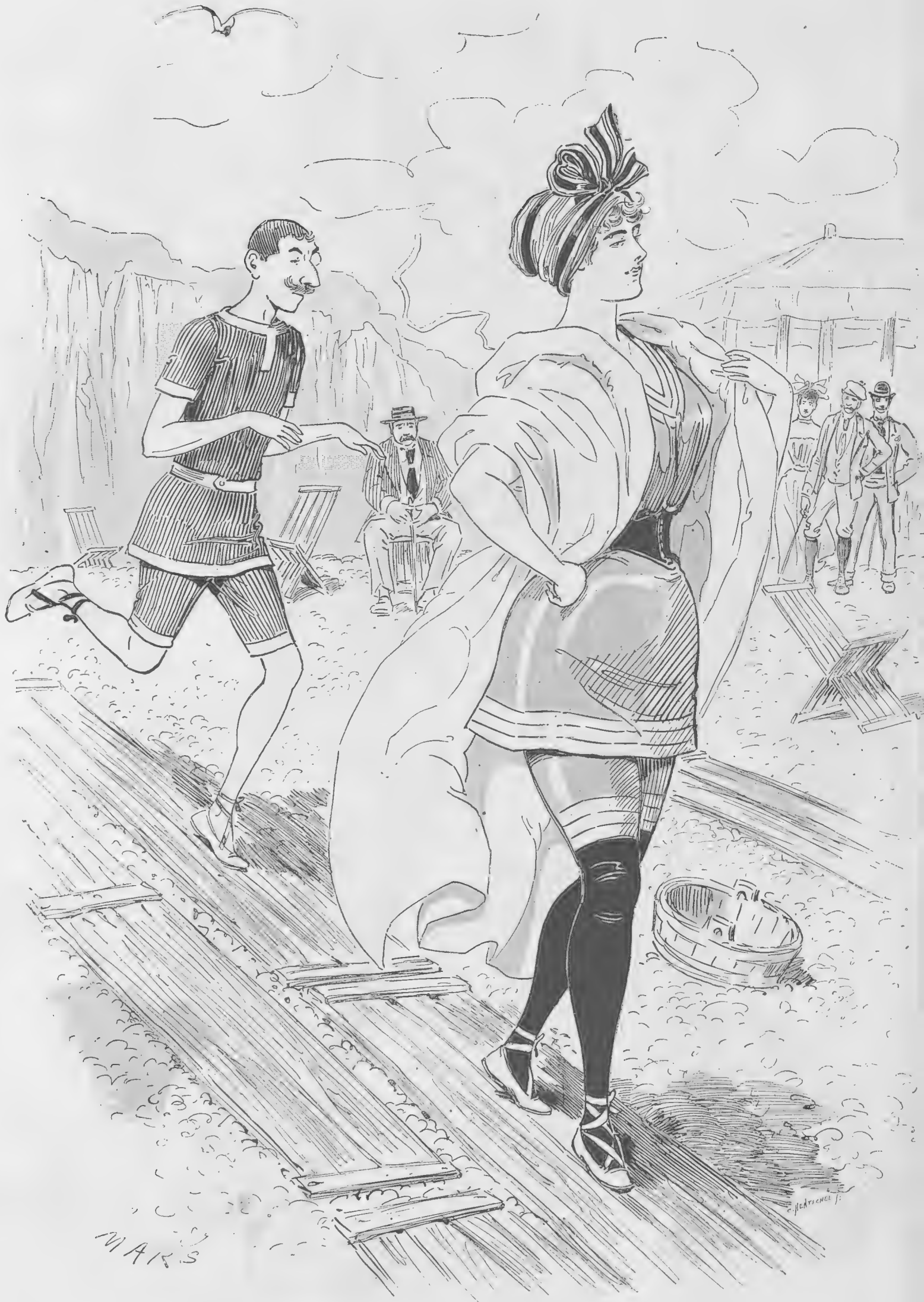
"What bally idiot is lifting both his legs there at once?"



ROOM FOR HOPE YET.

MR. CRUMBLE : " Ha ! Struggleton, old boy ! Succeeded in getting printed yet ? "

STRUGGLETON : " Well, I've been tramping round from one editor to another day and night for the last three months—but I'm beginning to feel my feet at last."



ON THE NORMAN COAST: LA BELLE MADAME AND HER BOW-WOW!

I.



III.



II.



IV.





MY
LOVERS.



NO 3

Art Reprod. Co.

THE ART OF ADORNMENT.

With a view to proving the true relationship of healthy dress with artistic adornment, a new magazine, entitled *Aglaia*, has just been born into the world of literature. It is the organ of the Healthy and

Artistic Dress Union, which, though awaiting a president, has for vice-presidents distinguished artists like Mrs. Louise Jopling, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., with Lady Wentworth, Lady Muncester, Sir Spencer Wells, and Lady Mary von Hügel. The Union hopes by means of this journal to "inculcate sound principles such as may guide us in the devising and executing of beautiful and healthy garments," and with this object it gives some admirably illustrated articles. For instance, "The Artistic Aspect of Dress" is treated by Mr. Henry Holiday, who, by-the-way, designed the excellent wrapper of *Aglaia*. He finds a reason for the spurious art of the present day in the fact that much of it is, like the razors in "The Vicar of Wakefield," made only to sell. "Man and his work are now too often the one blot on the face of Nature. They should be its culminating beauty." As to evening dress, Mr. Holiday remarks that "with regard to men, it would be very easy to suggest charming varieties of dress founded upon existing forms." But, as he goes on to say, it would be impossible at

of view. This has the advantage of numerous illustrations as to how "Nature proposes, but the corset disposes." A very strong protest against the crinoline also finds a place in the pages of *Aglaia*. It is stated that the rapid extinction of the crinoline in the fifties was due to the many horrible deaths which it occasioned. "A lady would move backward towards a fire, and before she knew it her skirts would be in a flame, with a roaring draught underneath to increase it. Everyone knows that the one chance of extinguishing a burning dress quickly is to wrap the wearer tightly up in a rug or any thick woollen substance that may be at hand. With the wearer of a crinoline this is impossible; if the skirts are pressed in one direction they fly open in another, and the draught and the flames are ensured full play until the shrieks of their victim are only silenced by an agonising death. It will be for those whose only interest in life is to exhibit themselves as the slaves of every fashion, however hideous, to consider whether such a game is worth such a candle." There is, fortunately, a theme for congratulation in the "Empire" dress, which commends itself by its grace and also by its possibility of pretty modifications. Four sketches, which follow more accurate lines as to figure than ordinary fashion-plates, illustrate the subject in useful style. It remains to be seen how far the more natural and classic methods will obtain the victory over the tyranny of Dame Fashion. The "Judgment of Paris" is still a fact which has to be reckoned with, but the existence of this magazine may ultimately be responsible for more sensible views on the great question of dress. It will be a triumph for the Union if it can receive the support of the sisterhood of dressmakers

as well as of those who aspire to be considered the leaders of society. The new journal cannot fail to interest all the large circle who fain would see more reasonable and beautiful clothing. The honorary secretary of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union is Miss Margaret Gwyn, 136, Regent Street, W. The whole idea of the articles in *Aglaia* is that eccentricity in dress is not excellence of dress, and that Art may teach many lessons which Health will do well to learn.



present to persuade anyone to adopt such improvements. "A man who would venture to appear in an evening dress consisting of anything but white cardboard and dull black, shapeless tubes would be the laughing-stock of society." This raises an old question, the solution of which ought not to be so hopeless, if it received influential artistic support.

The illustrations which we borrow by kind permission from an article in *Aglaia* are designs for more sensible forms of working dress. The handsome young lady reaching up to the orange-blossom—can this flower be of prophetic import?—has drawn both sides of the dress into the loop on her left, and the sleeves are tucked up to the elbow. The haymaker is wearing sleeves in the same way, but the two sides of the dress are drawn up into two different loops. In the case of the girl who is stooping to pluck the modest violet the dress is similar to that worn by the haymaker, save that the sleeves descend to the wrists. These sketches are intended to show the advantage of a more suitable and at the same time a more graceful garb for girls. Miss M. Booth-Scott writes sensibly on "Cycling Costume," arguing first and foremost that nothing but wool should be worn; and Dr. Sophie Bryant gives some hints as to the best choice from the fashions. An article on "The Distribution of Weight in Clothing," by Miss E. Winifred Dickson, says that "people should remember when choosing clothes that these should be first comfortable, next pretty and becoming, and, lastly, fashionable, if desired; but fashion should not be the primary object, as it is too often in the dressmaker's eyes." This writer frankly admits that divided skirts have many drawbacks.

An article which is certain to revive a discussion which often has proved attractive at British Association meetings is that written by Dr. W. Wilberforce Smith on "Corset-Wearing" from a medical point



HOW THE WORLD'S FAIR IS GOING.

A CHAT WITH A BRITISH COMMISSIONER.

I have been interviewed so often during my journey round the world that it was quite a treat to be asked to interview someone else. To tell you the honest truth, this interviewing business is not half so bad as people make out—that is to say, if you know how to set about it. The interviewer is able, with tact, to make many a friendship in the course of his business, and the interviewed can make considerable profits out of the information that the public require. On the hotel terraces of Cairo, in the bungalows of beautiful Bombay, under the cocoanut of cheery Ceylon, in the east winds of Shanghai and Canton, on the wind-swept bunds and bluffs of Japan, and in America, all the way from the Golden Gate of San Francisco to the statue of Liberty in New York Harbour, they all wanted to interview me. My answer invariably was, "Show me the way to the nearest newspaper." I thought that, if I had to be interviewed, I had far better do it myself, and receive what Digby Grant calls a "little cheque" afterwards.

And now I find that the harmless but necessary interviewer has his little perquisites also. My amiable and indulgent editor asked me to seek out and impale my friend Walter Harris, ex-Sheriff of the City of London, and only recently British Commissioner during the most difficult and stormy period of the World's Fair Exposition at Chicago.

All Englishmen who visited Chicago when the show was first opened owe a debt of gratitude to our popular Commissioners, Walter Harris and James Dredge. They procured for us the happiest moment of our then miserable lives. The weather was terrible. Lake Michigan blew tempests of ice-cold wind through the gloomy, tunnelled streets of the "Windy City"; we most of us arrived at the World's Fair frozen to death or flayed with the wind; but there was ever a cheery welcome and a hot English luncheon at Victoria House, where the Commissioners exercised a delightful hospitality to all who had active business to do at the Exposition. I assure you that after the Chicago diet and a long course of railway-car food it was like manna in the wilderness to sit down to an honest leg of mutton and vegetables served in the English fashion and to be waited on by a British policeman, who is the cook, janitor, and protector of Victoria House.

I suppose it was the recollection of these English luncheons that many a time and oft saved my life, for, much as I admire the Americans, their cooking sends me starved to the biscuit-box and the chicken sandwich—yes, it must have been the Chicago English legs of mutton and green peas that suggested to Mr. Walter Harris that the interview should take place at the luncheon hour at the Junior Carlton Club.

I was disgracefully late. I own it. Though, it was not my fault, but that of a Board of Directors in the City, who would not let me go. Mr. Walter Harris shook a warning finger at me, and instantly proceeded, innocently enough, to take down my pride. It was in this fashion.

I was introduced to a well-known gentleman—I might say world-wide known. Casually, in the course of conversation, he remarked that he read the *Daily Telegraph* religiously every morning in his life. On this assurance I ventured to remind him of my recent journey.

He had not heard that I had left England at all, and had not read one descriptive article by the miserable sinner who signed them.

After that, we went upstairs to luncheon. It was time, for I was getting faint.

"Let's see, where did we meet last?" observed my victim, as we sat down opposite the ex-Prime Minister of England.

"Where did we meet? Why, at the banquet at the Virginia Hotel on the Queen's Birthday at Chicago, when—I can't help flattering you—you made a most admirable chairman, and thanks to you, James Dredge, and the Colonial Commissioners, the English gave by far the best of the many banquets at this important time."

"Yes, I think it was a success. Was not the room beautiful?"

"I never saw anything better done; but then, you know, you graduated in the City of London, have served as sheriff, and know the traditions of the City Companies, Guildhall, and Mansion House by heart."

With as much tact as I could, I ventured on thin ice to approach a somewhat difficult subject. The proverbial little bird who has been flying about between Chicago and London has been whispering something of a friction at Victoria House. It is no secret, for it has been in the papers.

On this dangerous topic Mr. Walter Harris was discretion, loyalty, and honour itself. It was not his business to spread reports or to endorse reports. In accordance with his accepted duty he had visited Chicago. At Chicago he had faithfully performed the duties entrusted to him, and, loyal to the Commission at the outset, he would be loyal to the Commission to the end.

"What, then," I asked, "in your opinion, were the best things done at Victoria House during your brief reign of office?"

Mr. Walter Harris was so modest that I could scarcely get anything out of him. But, as I was a little behind the scenes at Chicago, I eventually got him to own, what is perfectly true, that the two great things accomplished in the early days of the World's Fair by the British Commissioners were, first, the bold stand made on the question of awards in the interests of exhibitors, and, secondly, the fraternal and friendly *entente cordiale* between the British and Colonial Commissioners. They arrived at Chicago men, they left the city brothers. The Colonies and Old England stuck together as one man, and I am sure that a hearty welcome will be extended to anyone visiting Ceylon by the Hon. Mr. Grinlinton, or to Jamaica by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. James Ward, or New South Wales by the Hon. Dr. A. Renwick.

"Is the question of awards satisfactorily settled, then?" I asked.

"Well, I cannot say satisfactorily, but we are in a better position now than we were at the outset, when the award question became a matter of American politics and not of technical merit."

When we arrived at the coffee and cigar stage of the luncheon, and were discussing the World's Fair in all its details, and the fatal result of over-management, and too many cooks spoiling the Chicago broth, a card was brought in—

"Fred Villiers."

We started with delight and surprise. He, also, had been among our chosen companions at

Chicago, and I had not seen him since he was arrested by the bumptious Columbian Guards for using a "Kodak" in the World's Fair grounds, although he had full permission to do so. The famous war artist had much to say about Chicago, pictorially and socially.

It seems that Chicago and the World's Fair improved considerably after I left. There was certainly room for improvement.

However, the impounded "Kodak" did some good work, after all, for Mr. Villiers is ready with his illustrated Chicago lecture, which will be vastly interesting, both to those who have never seen the World's Fair and such as have.

Royalty has, I believe, given a command for the opening lecture. May I be there to see! If I am, I am certain my friend Walter Harris will not be far off, for, like Fred Villiers, he has made the subject of the World's Fair his own.

CLEMENT SCOTT.



Photo by Fredericks, Broadway, New York.

MR. WALTER H. HARRIS, ONE OF THE BRITISH COMMISSIONERS.

A QUEER QUEEN.

Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar has just completed the tenth year of her reign. She is the great-granddaughter of Rahety, sister of King Andrianampoinimerina, and is said to be intensely proud of her ancestry. She was born in 1861, and was appointed Queen by her predecessor. The royal dynasty of Madagascar boasts blue blood in spite of black skins. It has been in power since 1700. Queen Ranavalona does everything in her power to keep up with civilisation as she understands it.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE, 10, DOWNING STREET.

From special Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Number 10, Downing Street is, perhaps, one of the best-known addresses in the English world. But the reverent political pilgrim who goes to look at the outside of it will probably be disappointed. Downing Street itself is a dingy little commonplace street. The Prime Minister's residence is a dingy, commonplace-looking house, and the big Government offices on the opposite side make both street and house look all the dingier by comparison. Pilgrims do come here, English-speaking pilgrims from all parts of the world; Americans, curious, but with the American visitor's determination not to allow himself to be over-impressed; Australians, equally curious, but more reverent; Canadians, South Africans, provincials, and Londoners too. Every day some of them come to look at the Prime Minister's official residence, to which Mr. Gladstone has for the fourth time returned. The Americans are quite pleased to find they are not called upon to admire the house. The colonists are frankly disappointed in it. The Australians are sometimes quite



on either side, the heavy knocker, the ponderous door, the iron railings or spear-heads, the quietness of the street, the very dinginess of the red bricks, all have something of character about them that, after all, is not wholly out of keeping with the traditions and associations of the old house. But, as a matter of fact, No. 10, Downing Street is a good deal bigger than it looks. From the narrow frontage it runs a long way back and broadens out into handsome apartments, some of them looking



WAITING-ROOM IN WHICH LORD IDDESLEIGH DIED.

indignant. They like to think that the Prime Minister of the Old Country is housed in a grand mansion beside which the boasted White House at Washington is a poor hovel. And they are something more than disappointed. They feel their national *amour propre* wounded when they find Mr. Gladstone is housed in an ordinary plain red-brick house such as is to be found by hundreds in the squares and streets of Bloomsbury. But if there is not magnificence about the exterior there is a British air of solid, substantial, enduring respectability. The stout hammered-iron lamp arch in front of the doorway; the single stone doorstep, worn down in the centre by the tread of statesmen's feet; the massive iron scraper

into a pleasant little garden with shady old fruit-trees, others with big bow windows looking over St. James's Park and the Horse Guards' Parade.

If some of the old furniture in the house could talk it would have famous Englishmen to speak of. If some of the old people in the house



THE PRESENT COUNCIL ROOM.

would talk they would have entertaining stories to tell. For Prime Ministers may come and go, but the staff remains. There is among the staff of the messengers attached to the office of the First Lord of the Treasury an old gentleman, Mr. Maddams, who has occupied his post there for seven-and-thirty years. For seven-and-thirty years he has been in constant, almost daily, touch with the great statesmen of the age. The doorkeeper of the house, Mr. Sutherland, has occupied his position for ten years. I was privileged to look over the old house one day and to have a chat with Mr. Maddams and Mr. Sutherland.

"You have opened the old door to some celebrated people in your ten years, Mr. Sutherland?" I said to the old, hard-faced Scotchman. "Everybody, Sir, everybody—high and low—from the Prince of Wales, down to down to—" and as he could not recall any visitor of sufficient obscurity he had to leave the sentence unfinished.

"And I daresay, Mr. Sutherland, if you pulled your recollections together, you would have many interesting memories of great men?" "Well, no, Sir, no. They come and I open the door, and they go away and I close it. No, Sir, I don't see much of them."



THE FORMER COUNCIL ROOM, NOW USED BY PRIVATE SECRETARY.

The old gentleman is a doorkeeper in the house of the Prime Minister, but who the callers are is nothing to him. To answer the door promptly and to close it without undue noise, these are the cares that occupy his mind. One recollection he has: "Ah, yes! Lord Iddesleigh," he says; "I let him in the day he died suddenly upstairs. He came to hand in his resignation, they said afterwards, but, of course, I did not know anything about that. He was a nice gentleman—a very nice gentleman."

"Did he seem at all strange that day when you let him in?"—"No, Sir; just the same as usual." And the old gentleman took his seat in the hooded chair in the big hall ready for the next summons of the knocker.

Statesmen are cheap to permanent residents in Downing Street. It is pleasant to hear Mr. Maddams, the senior of the staff of messengers, a civil, obliging, and cheerful old gentleman, speak of his experiences. "Thirty-seven years I've been here, and longer than that I've been amongst 'em," he says. "Why, before I came here I was valet to Lord Palmerston."

"What! the great Lord Palmerston?" I exclaimed. It seemed so strange to come so near to a great man who to us of the younger generation is a dimly distant figure in history. But there is no thrill in the name of Palmerston for Mr. Maddams. "Yes," he replied, "I was valet to him, and he brought me here thirty-seven years ago."

"And since then you have seen some statesmen?"—"All of 'em—all of 'em."

"And you have seen exciting times in this house?"—"Well, yes. I was in attendance at the Cabinet dinner when it was resolved to declare war with Russia. That was when I was with Lord Palmerston, before I was a messenger here."

"Was there much excitement that night?"—"Bless you, no! I never knew anything about it till afterwards, of course. But they were



MR. GLADSTONE'S PRIVATE ROOM.

just the same as usual. I heard afterwards that it was then they decided on the war."

It was Mr. Maddams who caught Lord Iddesleigh when he was taken with the seizure of which he died. "I took him into this room," says he—it is the little waiting-room out of which Mr. Gladstone's own room opens—"and laid him down on the couch behind the door. He died there."

Mr. Maddams lives in the very inner temple of high politics, but he is not infected with the political fury. He preserves a strictly impartial official attitude towards parties. And I was surprised to find that he had not even troubled to remember the names of the successive First Lords of the Treasury who had been, so to speak, his lodgers. "Let me see," he said, "after Lord Palmerston there came Lord Derby, and then Lord Palmerston he came in again, and then there was Lord Russell, was it? and then— But, Lord bless you, there's been so many of 'em! And, besides, very few of 'em have lived here, you know; most of 'em have had their own houses in London, and didn't want the place except for the offices. There was Mr. Smith, you know; of course, he never lived here. Since Lord Grey nobody hardly lived here till Mr. Disraeli. He lived here. He used to sleep in the little room opening out of Mr. Gladstone's room. It is used for one of the secretaries now. Mr. Gladstone lived here when he first came in, and he has always come back here to live."

"And the Cabinet Councils, where are they held?"—"In the big room with the pillars opening out of the drawing-room. It's got some wonderful pictures in it, too."

"And is that the table at which the Cabinet Councils are held?"—"

No; they've got a bigger round table that they put up specially for the Councils. In the old days the Councils used to be held downstairs in the room the secretaries use now. But Mr. Gladstone holds them upstairs."

"Does the furniture go with the house, or does each successive Prime



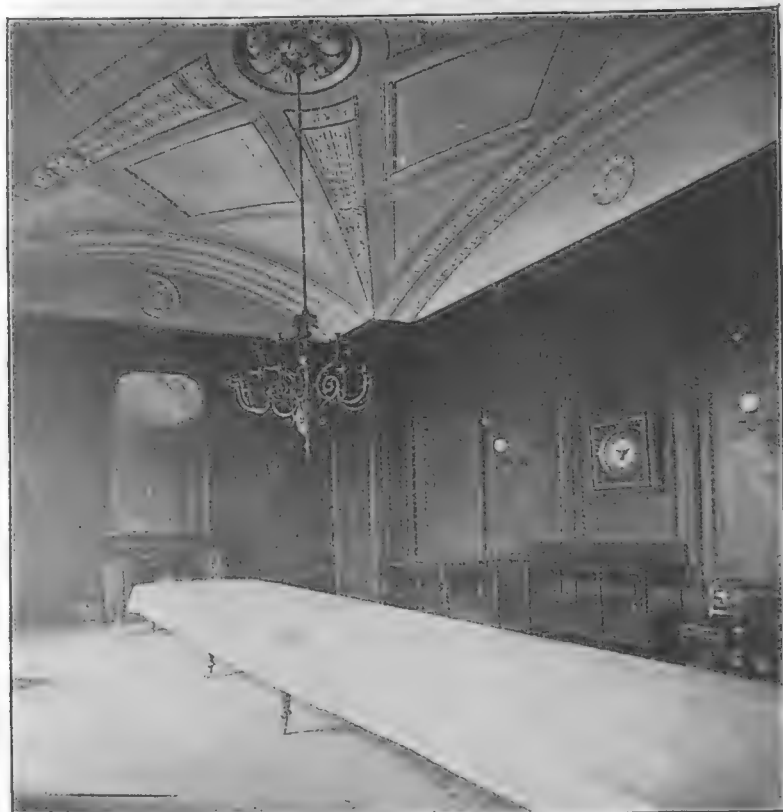
THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Minister refurnish?"—"A lot of the furniture is always here, but, of course, knick-knacks and pictures and things they bring in with them."

"And Mr. Gladstone, do you see much of him?"—"He is a very pleasant gentleman, very pleasant. But I never see Mr. Gladstone without thinking of what I once heard him say—it's a good many years ago now. He was speaking to a gentleman, and I heard him say that when he once put his hand to the plough he never looked back. And that's just the sort of gentleman he is."

"Well, Mr. Maddams, go on and tell me some of the many things you've seen in all your long experiences of great men."—"Bless you, I haven't got anything to tell you at all. I've always found them very nice gentlemen, all of them—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli especially, but I haven't got anything to tell you about them."

Perhaps, after forty odd years in the Prime Minister's official residence even the keenest interest would begin to get a little dulled, so that Prime Ministers, after a time, may be taken as matters of course. C. E. H.



THE DINING-ROOM.

A MORNING IN THE PARK.

MAY. It's always a good plan to sit down just behind the ticket-man, rather than ahead of him. I don't suppose it comes to much in the season, but still—

LEILA. May, you little screw! All the same, if you think I'm going to sit on a chair that hasn't just been vacated you're mistaken. I require ocular evidence that it's been dusted properly.

IDA. Really, in the third week in July it doesn't seem to me that one need respect one's clothes. If you went to the sort of place that we're taken to in August you'd know one's dresses positively require a bar sinister across the shoulders to bring them down to the proper level. You never saw such a collection of frumps as there are at Rockington. And, besides, it's going to rain all August. I know Princess May's dressy mackintoshes—

LEILA. Now, Ida, if you say a single word about a wedding or a royalty I shall leave the Park. One can have too much of a good thing, and we've had it.

IDA. Well, I won't again. Look, there's that Middleton girl. Every time she passes she's got a different man!

MAY. Can't persuade any of them to take the situation permanently, I suppose.

LEILA. Darling, how delightfully spiteful you are! I say, I wish Archie Mayor was here. He knows all the smartest people, or says he does. There's one girl in particular that he is awfully gone on, and he calls her someone different every time! Always a title, of course!

MAY. He amuses me, but I see through him. *Men* "deceivers ever," indeed! They can't even begin to take one in!

LEILA. Did he ever try, eh, May? Archie's an awful flirt. He knows all about girls and frocks. Show me this year's petticoat and I'll tell you last year's gown's his latest. Most girls do, freely.

IDA. Well, I should like to know who's going to wear three rows of black lace and seven of pink ribbon for nothing. Besides, man may want little here below, but woman wants her feet to show! Where did you get those shoes?

LEILA. I sha'n't tell you, and, besides, they hurt.

MAY. Of course they do. We're not made yet with one solid toe ending in a sharp point, though we may choose to think we are.

IDA. Look, there's a dress copied from the same model as my Ascot one. Do be angels and let me follow it, just a few steps, to see how she has done the front.

MAY. And lose our seats? No, rather not.

IDA. Well, I don't think you're kind—it's gone now. May, I feel certain that I don't want that three-guinea-and-your-own-lace hat of yours you hate. Not even for fifteen shillings.

MAY. It's an awful bargain. Somehow, do you know, I never think home-trimmed hats look quite a success. Sure yours is on the right way round?

LEILA. Now do stop fighting, you two. Did you hear that the Duke of York's—

MAY. No, I didn't hear, and I won't hear now. Really, Leila, you promised you wouldn't.

IDA. I shall go home; I know it's late. Oh, no, I sha'n't; here's the girl who's nearly engaged to Lord Holyhead. She hasn't much time to do it in now.

LEILA. I should think she'd want ages with that figure. Did you ever see such a waist?

MAY. That's the saddest thing about the end of the season—so much wasted effort.

IDA. Is it a pun, dear? That girl was at Lady Newhaven's ball, and half-way through she said she felt faint and retired, to reappear with a reconstructed complexion. Such a fancy colour, too! Just think of carrying your apparatus with you! I heard of a woman who—

MAY. Yes, I know, but there isn't time for such long stories—think what a lot of people we miss! Did you see the woman in magenta with red hair, walking with the tall man without a waistcoat? Well, she's going to marry him on £42 a year, and Elsie Andrews told me—

IDA. It's too hot for such long stories.

LEILA. How you two do fight! There'll be time enough for anything presently, when we're all beyond reach of everything that makes life worth living. Sales, now! How have you done at the sales?

MAY. Oh, I meant to tell you. I got a lovely dinner dress for £3 10s. Then I found it had a spoilt breadth—cunningly concealed, and I persuaded that horrid little Elsie to buy it. I helped her to get a cloak, too.

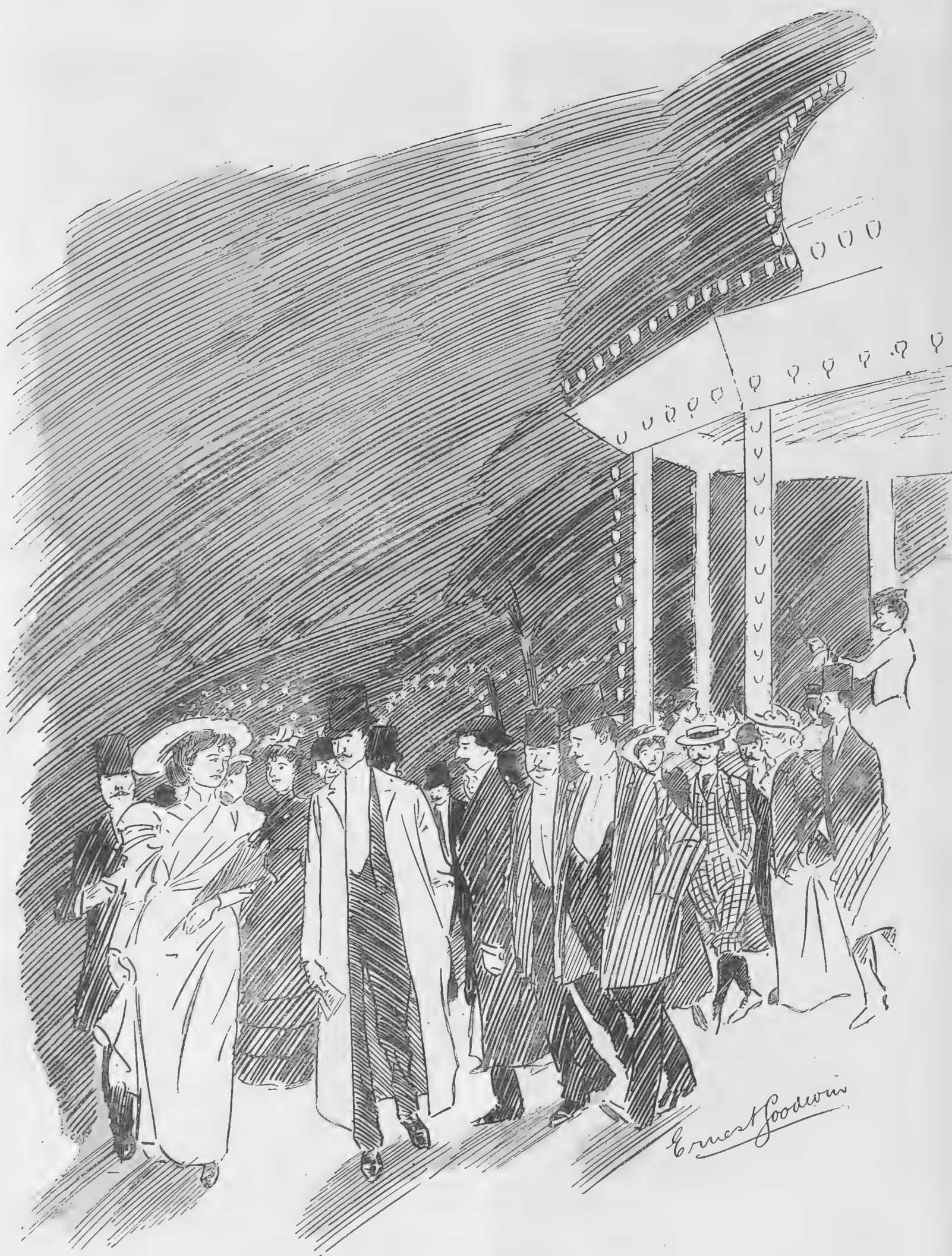
IDA. Pretty?

MAY (*calmly*). I wouldn't have worn it.

LEILA. Why didn't we begin to talk sales sooner? Now we shall just have to go—it's 2.15 already.

MAY. Goodness! is it really? And here's the ticket-man coming. Good-bye, dears, I'm off!

E. L. F.



ROUND THE BAND-STAND; AN IMPRESSION AT EARL'S COURT.

SMALL TALK.

Rothamsted, where for fifty years Sir John Lawes and Dr. Gilbert have with eminent success shown not only England but the whole civilised world how valuable to agriculture is the science of chemistry, and where the "jubilee" of their exertions in the cause of scientific husbandry was celebrated with many presentations and congratulations a few days since, is an ancient manor house, built in the fifteenth century, whose walls, despite the ivy and other creepers that almost conceal them in greenery, still show the handiwork of their mediæval architect, while within, preserved with jealous care, is old and massive furniture, quite in keeping with the building. There is some excellent oak panelling in the old-world chambers, and some of the mantelpieces are particularly fine. The old house commands beautiful and extensive views, and the surrounding park is picturesque and well-timbered. The laboratory, where so much of the work of Sir John and his colleague has been accomplished, stands almost half a mile from the house.

A new promenade is to be given to Londoners. The Queen has given permission for the Tower Walk to be thrown open to the public every day till Oct. 1 next as an experimental measure. The said public are too apt to grumble at being excluded from various parts of the Metropolis; but it by no means follows that when such exclusion no longer exists advantage will be taken of the newly acquired freedom. Many have been the democratic complainings of the closure of the Tower Walk with its interesting surroundings. Now, for a couple of the best months in the year, the "sovereign people" may wander on this forbidden ground at their own sweet will. Perhaps, as it is no longer forbidden, it will be no longer attractive. Dwellers in the City, at any rate, now have their opportunity, and the next few weeks will show what they will do with it.

More "post-prandial philosophy"! Really, Mr. Grant Allen's philosophy is sometimes so *very* "post-prandial." The other day London was only a "squalid village," with never a building in it of which not to be ashamed except Westminster Abbey. Now, to prove that "aristocracies, as a rule, all the world over, consist, and have always consisted, of barbaric conquerors or their descendants, who remain to the last, on the average of instances, at a lower grade of civilisation and morals than the democracy they live among," this unfortunate country, among others, is cited by the philosopher as an instance of how "almost all the aristocracies the world has ever known have taken their rise in the conquest of *civilised and cultivated* races by *barbaric invaders*." In this connection the Anglo-Saxon is mentioned, and so is the Dane, also that "thinly veneered Dane" the Norman. But why is nothing said of the Roman conquerors, who brought to Britain whatever of art and civilisation the others found there, and who surely were more civilised than the ancient Britons, whom they invaded and subdued? I should have imagined that England was scarcely an apt illustration of Mr. Allen's contention. Perhaps, however, woad was a more civilised and artistic dress than that worn by the followers of Vespasian and Agricola, or of William and his Normans; the coracle, with its wicker frame and skin covering, a higher development of shipbuilding than a Roman trireme or a Viking's ship; the coarse pottery and rough implements of war and agriculture of the British of distinctly greater value than the vessels of classic shape, and the arms and armour that had conquered east, west, north, and south; and doubtless British huts and hovels, and the mystic circles of stone where the Britons performed their bloody rites, were of a far nobler architecture than Roman houses and Roman palaces, or those Roman temples that have won the admiration of the world, or Norman castles and cathedrals. I cannot say positively, however, as I am really not a "post-prandial philosopher."

It would be unkind not to give greater publicity to the following advertisement in the *Times*—

A DESCENDANT of a noble KING OF ENGLAND, and a poor tradesman, is struggling hard through life for WANT of CAPITAL. Will any kind-hearted, loyal, and philanthropic person advance him a few hundred pounds until he is able to repay it?—G 267, Address and Inquiry office, The Times Office, E.C.

In these days of testimonials, it is not surprising that one should be suggested for that "Knight of the Inkstand," as he has now been dubbed, Sir Augustus Harris, in some slight acknowledgment of all that he has done for the Italian and German operas and for lovers of music in this country. Mr. Henry Russell is the originator of the idea. Age sits but lightly on this popular and vigorous old gentleman, who, if it be true, as has been said by a certain Scottish worthy, that if a man be permitted to make the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation, may congratulate himself on having wielded a larger influence in Great Britain than many a politician whose history is written in "Hansard," for how many millions have not responded to the stirring strains of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Cheer, boys, cheer," and "There's a good time coming, boys"?

Mr. J. D. Allcroft, whose death has recently been announced, was a familiar figure in City, in political, and in religious circles. Mr. Allcroft was at one time a member in the historic house of glove-makers, Dent, Allcroft, and Co., he was a D.L. for the City of London, and for many years treasurer of Christ's Hospital. For a couple of years he represented Worcester in Parliament in the Conservative interest, from 1878 to 1880.

But it was as a bulwark of Evangelical, of most advanced Protestant views that Mr. Allcroft will be best remembered, and by his co-religionists most missed, as he supported their various organisations by every means in his power, sparing neither purse nor influence, and to the last he was a vice-president and staunch supporter of that institution whose proceedings have gained for it among High Churchmen the complimentary title of the "Church Ass."

The "Liver Brigade" in the Row is by this time well nigh disbanded. Few ladies, with the exception of some pupils from the riding schools, have put in an appearance lately, and the gentlemen riders have been confined to representatives of the Parliamentary and legal worlds. During the whole season Mr. Justice Hawkins has been a less familiar sight on his game little cob than in years gone by, but Mr. Justice Day has been steadily pushing his way into notice, and has been easily recognisable by the blackness of his professional attire and the amplitude of his shirt front, relieved, however, by the more cheerful appearance of his daughter, who evidently must have taken to the saddle at an earlier period of her education than did her father. A rival in frequency of attendance to the senior judge has been Mr. Justice Grantham, looking a sportsman every inch, and he has usually been accompanied by his son and daughter, all on good cattle. Since his elevation to the Bench, Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes has not so regularly "pounded" along on his charger before commencing his work. Then, next to the rails, Mr. Justice Lopes and his daughter might any morning have been noticed, quietly ambling along as if time were of no account to a member of the Court of Appeal.

Among the members of the Bar, intermittent glimpses may have been had of Sir Charles Russell on the cob to which he is so attached that he took it to Paris during the sitting of the Behring Straits Arbitration; while Sir Horace Davey's appearance has been as regular as clockwork. Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., on a sturdy steed, necessarily of weight-carrying calibre, has seldom been alone, his genial society always attracting an escort of friends. I have noticed, too, Mr. Finlay, Q.C., in bucolic attire, riding apparently more for constitutional purposes than for pleasure. Then there have been Mr. Witt, Q.C., and his wife, always excellently mounted, and looking fit for any sort of cross-country riding; but Mr. Lionel Pyke, Q.C., has generally worn the air of one who is conscious that collisions may occur on land as well as on the high seas. A picture of freshness and rosiness is always presented by Mr. Aspinall, Q.C., and his daughter on her pretty roan cob; while Mr. Lawson Walton, Q.C., on his elegant Park hack, makes it difficult to say which is the best groomed. Among the Junior Bar, one constantly sees Mr. Haughton steadily propelling his way, radiant with smiles, and Mr. Arnold Statham piloting his swift little grey, also with an evident sense of enjoyment; while Mr. Morton, on a very fiery chestnut, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Theobald are not infrequent visitors.

It is a popular fallacy that the soul of a barrister's clerk cannot soar higher than the contemplation of the fee-book and the dry-as-dust routine of his master's engagements, though sporting proclivities may sometimes exist, but artistic tastes never. The life of the late senior clerk to Mr. Witt, Q.C., anyway, dispels this prejudicial conception, for never was there a collector of rare and valuable china more assiduous and enthusiastic in riding his hobby. His appreciative knowledge put him in possession of a collection which is now valued at many times its original cost to him, and the bulk of it he has most graciously left to his former master, exhibiting a degree of gratitude which it is refreshing to find within the precincts of the Inns of Court.

The Shah, it might hardly be credited, keeps a diary, like a good many other potentates. During a recent visit to the "Land of the Sun" a Hungarian nobleman had the good fortune to be favoured with a peep at the same. The following extracts show in what manner the Shah judges things European, and how tersely and amusingly he describes his own experiences in a London picture gallery: "I saw the picture of a donkey and asked the price. The director of the exhibition, a stout man, with a white beard, replied, '£100'—that is equal to 250 Persian toman. I made answer: 'But the price of a live donkey is only £5 at most, why is a painted one so much dearer?' The director rejoined: 'Because it costs nothing to keep; it does not eat oats.' I replied: 'If it entails no expenditure, neither is it useful. It cannot be ridden; it cannot carry loads.'" "One evening we went to the circus, where I saw some very curious horses with spots. These animals have been trained to obey every wink and do everything they are told. Handsome, beautifully dressed ladies galloped around on horses, performing all sorts of wonderful things—somersaults, for instance—without hurting themselves. Little children also executed the most remarkable somersaults, and performed on a line things which only monkeys and spiders could imitate. They performed the most extraordinary feats—in fact, it was a performance never to be forgotten." Then he goes to a church "situated on an island in the Seine, where I conversed with the arch-priest. I asked: 'What is your opinion of the divinity of Jesus? Did He take wine or not?' Presently all the priests replied in chorus: 'Of course He used to take wine.' I then asked: 'Did He make the wine Himself?' They all answered: 'Mostly for others.'" Finally, the Imperial diary closes thus: "This journey I performed in the year 1306, in the month of Zihaji, when I passed through Austria-Hungary, where the Danube flows, and where the women are as lovely as lilies."

The heir to the throne of Siam is sixteen years old. One of the most important events in his life, so far, was the formal cutting off of his top-knot of hair in 1891, an incident which is equivalent to laying aside the ways of childhood. He writes English quite as well as many a Board School boy in the fifth standard, judging from the facsimile of a letter sent by his Royal Highness two years ago to the Hon. Isaac Townsend Smith, who has given an interesting account of the Crown Prince in the August number of *St. Nicholas*. In this letter to the American Consul-General in Siam the young prince says, "I should very much like to come and see your country some day, and all the wonderful things which you described to my father."

The sensibilities of "darned mounseer" have always reminded me of an electric system for the detection of burglars: touch a knob, and the whole thing is set in the most alarming state of activity. This preamble is apropos of an amusing letter which a Frenchman, writing from the City, has addressed to me. It is Mr. Proctor's cartoon on Siam that has set my correspondent in motion. The cartoon, he declares, is "so absurd and even offensive, and, moreover, so devoid of wit, that Mr. Proctor must have forgotten to finish it. I have supplied what I think must be wanting to make his work complete. If that is not



what he intended putting, then I must thank him for having supplied the best part of a sketch which faithfully represents the present state of things. If you have any spirit of fairness after the gratuitous insult which you have offered to the courage of Frenchmen, you will, perhaps, reproduce your witty cartoon with the little addition I have made. I have put two scars on the Britisher's face, which, unfortunately, don't come out very well, one bearing the name of 'Boer' and the other 'Zulu,' in remembrance of *England's glorious campaigns with these remarkably powerful States.* One wonders, after this, whether Mr. Proctor's cartoon will not be the subject of an interpellation in the Chamber. In any case, my correspondent, as a parting shot, tells me he has sent it to the *Paris Figaro* as "a sample of English wit."

Prince Rajawongse Pheen, third son of Prince Seysonitwongse, cousin of the King of Siam and a prominent diplomatist, is a sub-lieutenant in the Danish Navy. Since he was eleven years of age, the Prince has been educated in Europe, and he speaks excellent English, French, German, Italian, and Danish. He is a very able naval officer, and recently he received the permission of King Christian to serve as fourth mate on board the Danish emigrant steamer *Hekla* to New York and back. The Prince now joins the Danish frigate *St. Thomas* on her cruise.

Miss Marie Tempest's stay in England has been but a short one. This week she sails once again for the States, where she seems to be a prime favourite. Some of us had hoped that the artiste, who for so long was one of our most successful *prime donne* in light opera, would be seen in London before returning to America, but, as the fair singer herself remarked, "The taste for light opera in London seems at present to have died out altogether, and a reappearance in London is postponed indefinitely, though I hope it may be next year." In America Miss Tempest will create the heroine's part in a new opera by Mr. Reginald de Corvin, whose "Maid Marian" was produced with disastrous financial results at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, though the music was pronounced bright and lively, but somewhat reminiscent. Indeed, with regard to this last, I am told that in the States they say that "the old composers will never die while Reginald de Corvin lives."

"The thick black line." The phrase has kept ringing in my ears for days, just as the famous "thin red line" phrase used to do of old, when the history of its origin was fresher than it is now. The two phrases stand at the poles of contrast; but, then, they relate to a people full of contrasts—our neighbours over the border. "The thick black line" might naturally be supposed to describe the fate of "the thin red line"; it really occurs, however, in a letter from a friend of mine, who had occasion to stay in the good town of Aberdeen the other Sunday. "The leading thoroughfare of the town," he writes, "is Union Street, and right proud the inhabitants are thereof, though why, I can't quite see. It is nothing but one long, straight gully, flanked from end to end by gaunt granite precipices—at least, that is what I would call the houses, for the only idea of architecture—if the word is, indeed, allowable—seems to be to build a bald wall, with oblong holes hewn out by way of windows."

But what has all this to do, you ask, with "the thick black line"? Let my correspondent proceed. "The effect on the spectator gazing up the gully when it is empty is depressing, and it is as empty as Sleepy Hollow any Sunday morning until about half-past ten, when a hundred kirk bells break the silence. At the sound thousands of people seem to start up, and for the next half-hour Union Street is simply one thick black line of silk hats—worn on Sundays only—and black coats, broad cloth predominating. Aberdeen still suffers, I think, from unpicturesque Knoxism, for, to judge from the Sunday male attire, the house of prayer must be a house of mourning. Everybody seems to know everybody else, and the grotesqueness of the situation is heightened by the automatic-like raising of silk hats as the up stream passes the down stream, and *vice versa*. Until eleven o'clock the long, lugubrious line is unrelieved. Then, as suddenly as it appeared, it disappears when the church bells cease to ring, and for a good hour the street is as desolate as a cemetery, until the thick black line files out of the churches for early dinner."

The celebration of Professor Blackie's eighty-fourth birthday in Perthshire last week seems to have been a regular "Highland Fling." Another friend, who is just now in the "Land o' Cakes," writes me that nothing could exceed in picturesqueness the figure of the venerable Professor as by the light of the great bonfire that had been lit on an eminence in front of the house, and also in his honour, he addressed the enthusiastic crowd in answer to loud calls and cheers. Hale, straight, and strong as one of his own Scotch firs, with his long, white locks flowing almost to his shoulders, Professor Blackie thanked his admirers for their good wishes, and, though disclaiming any drop of Celtic blood in his own veins, enjoined his hearers never to forget their country, their country's language, or their country's songs—to preserve which he had, perhaps, been able to do something—nor how their liberty had been gained by hard fighting in "the brave days of old." If the Professor's audience pledged his health and their country's in "whusky" after this, who can blame them?

The summer is spent by the Pope in the Villa Paulus IV. in the Vatican Gardens. When the weather is very hot the Pope retires to a little tower at the extreme end, in which there is only one room, reached by a spiral staircase. It has two windows, both being always open. Here his Holiness remains entirely alone, receives nobody, but rests and thinks. His valet, who is never permitted to leave his Holiness, can find no accommodation in the tower, but in sight of the windows a portable shed is fixed, whence he watches his master, and is within call. Meanwhile, the Guard of Nobles and the Swiss Guards rest on the lawns under the huge trees in the splendid gardens.

By-the-way, Leo XIII. has departed from the custom (said to be an old-established one) of parting with his cast-off garments by way of mementoes. He has strictly prohibited such a proceeding, and, in consequence, there are huge wardrobes full of gowns, slippers, caps, &c., to be disposed of when the Holy Father dies. The Pope asserts that the number of slippers, worked by pious hands, he annually receives is so great that one new pair a day would not exhaust the stock for years to come. His Holiness is now so feeble that he is almost unable to write, his hand being unsteady. What is written in his name is dictated, and all recent so-called autographs are forgeries or reproductions.

A correspondent who was quite recently for several days in close proximity to his Holiness gives some interesting particulars of his health. Naturally, Leo XIII. at the age of eighty-four exhibits the weakness and feebleness attendant on such advanced years, but far less than might be expected. The fine, pure, and almost fresh *teinte* of the face, the slightly wrinkled skin, and the marvellous luminous eyes no one can ever forget.

When the weather is fine the Pope takes a drive in the grounds, being now too feeble to walk any distance, but, nevertheless, his nature is a tough one, his power of resistance simply astounding, and he never tires in fulfilling his sacred duties. Leo desires to be informed of all that is going on inside and outside Rome, but the evenings are spent in peace, his Holiness usually going to bed at nine, but rising at daybreak. Of late his attacks of fainting have caused grave anxiety.

The most expensive tennis court in the world has been built at Baltimore, Mr. Vanderbilt's place in North Carolina. It is constructed of white Tuckaboe marble, from which, the millionaire is happy to say, the Sub-Treasury in New York was made.

A merry, seasonable little book, entitled "Sketches of Yachting Life" (published at 143, Strand), will be a welcome addition to the usual nondescript library to be perused "off Cowes." The narrative of Baron Godesberg's friend has a pleasant whiff of the briny, and the yarns might procure for Mr. Julius Gabe, the author, the title of the "Yachting Jerome." It is stated in the preface that all appreciative readers will receive by return of post an autograph letter of thanks. Don't forget to put "Sketches of Yachting Life" in your portmanteau when you leave town in that fascinating costume which displays your manly beauty to such advantage.

River life, now in the full height of its glory, recalls Mr. Frank Stockton's delightful story, "Rudder Grange." Mr. Stockton, who was born in Philadelphia, is just within nine months of his sixtieth year. He abandoned the art of the engraver for journalism, and made his first hit in his "Rudder Grange" stories. The canal boat was real, and so was Pomona, who was a domestic in his family, though she has left the scullery for the stage. "The Lady or the Tiger" was written first to read at an evening party. He has never laid an entire story in the city; its life doesn't suit him. Mr. Stockton's special gift lies in his invention of whimsical situations and the droll, matter-of-fact way in which he makes his characters comport themselves in such situations; and a recent reviewer has said that he, perhaps, more than any recent writer has helped to define the peculiar virtues of the short story. He has shown how possible it is to use surprise as an effective element, and to make the turn of a story rather than the crisis of a plot account for everything. Mr. Stockton lives very quietly in his country home at Madison, N.J. He begins his work about nine in the morning, and writes, or rather dictates, about one thousand words a day.

Readers—especially if they be boys—of Captain Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper will possibly be disappointed to hear that the Red Indian is gradually becoming civilised—or exterminated. His latest achievement is a book, which is much more reliable, if less fascinating, than the works of the aforesaid romancers. Mack-e-te-be-nessy, the son of an Ottawa chief, has written a history of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan and the grammar of their language. Mack-e-te-be-nessy is known in the Grand Traverse region, where he resides, as Andrew J. Blackbird, an inaccurate translation of his name, which means "black hawk." He used to be United States interpreter, was at one time postmaster at Harbour Springs, and is now a sort of minister among the red men in the upper part of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan.

The Indian has been very much with us of late. Largely, I think, through Mr. Kipling's influence, he is gaining a sort of personality which Englishmen have been slow to perceive. The Indian, as a politician has made his mark in the person of Mr. Naoroji, Lord Salisbury's "black man." The Indian as a soldier has been seen to advantage in the recent visit of the native detachment to this country. As a sportsman—and this appeals strongly to the English imagination—he has a valiant representative in Mr. Ranjitsinhji.

Strange enough, two curious pamphlets by Indians have just appeared. One of these, entitled "A Short History of the Lives of Bombay Opium-Eaters," is from the pen of Mr. Rustom Pestanji Jehangir, of Her Majesty's Opium Department, Bombay. It is "respectfully dedicated to those who have made up their minds to believe that opium is an unmixed evil"—a belief not altogether unknown in England, which Mr. Jehangir alliteratively describes as a country of "freedom and fads." The booklet, which has the unmistakable touch of books printed in India, is mainly taken up with brief biographies of nearly 250 opium-smokers, but its main value consists in a series of ten collotypes of these modern representatives of the lotus-eater, taken from photographs. One of these comprises a group of Sikh soldiers who, despite the opium habit, have seen service in Afghanistan, Burmah, Egypt, and the North-West Frontier.

Another still more curious production is a scientific diary, by Mr. Nasarvangi Jivanji Readymoney. It proceeds on the Comtean doctrine that the life of every member of a social race is a contradiction in terms, apart from the action upon it of the surrounding society in times past and present. Blank pages are given, divided into compartments, ranging from the "astronomical, radiant forces, meteorological, and geological" aspects of one's environments, right through a whole gamut of sensations and actions. Thus, in a specimen page, "G. H. Halifax" is represented as recording that on a certain day he met "Mr. Barr," who had sold his goods (this being a "sociological product"), and then comes "G. H. Halifax's" sensations with regard to "Mr. Barr"—"I think Mr. Barr is an honest man, and I wish to be his partner." Mr. Readymoney thinks "one of these books should be provided for each child at its birth"!

How does the Government, I wonder, propose to provide against enormous loss in the matter of foreign-made silver coin? A perfect die is not a matter of great expense, neither is a milling machine, and with silver at its present low price English coins can be, and I believe are, turned out in large quantities abroad and sent to England. The profit on the manufacture, especially in the larger coins, is, of course, at present price a very handsome one, and it is doubtful if the expertest of experts could distinguish between a florin "made in Germany," say, and sent over for use in Great Britain, and a two-shilling piece legitimately brought forth in the ancient establishment near Tower Hill.

An interesting visitor, Hamid Ali Khan, the Nawab of Rampur, is expected to reach England from America early this month. The Nawab, who is only seventeen, and so a minor, is completing his education by making a tour of the world under the care of Captain Colvin, of the Indian Staff Corps. The party have taken in Japan, Honolulu, Vancouver, Chicago, Canada, and New York on their way to London. They will remain in England for two months, the visit being a perfectly private one in every way, and then return to India. In the Nawab's retinue, which consists of seven or eight Englishmen and natives, there is a Mohammedan priest—a very picturesque figure. The young Nawab is a grandson of Nawab Kalb Ali Khan, who did yeoman service for us during the Mutiny. At present the State of Rampur is administered by a council of regency, but a year or two hence, at the most, the Indian Government will elevate Hamid Ali Khan to his throne. His



Photo by Taber, San Francisco.

THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR.

education, within certain limits, has been thorough and complete, and he has developed a marked predilection for the study of history—particularly Indian history. He speaks English with a perfect accent, and, moreover, is a bright conversationalist and a keen observer. He rides and shoots well, and although, so far, he has had no military education, no doubt that will come. Many excellently informed people will ask where within the immense bounds of India Rampur is situated. It is a State of about a thousand square miles, lying on the plains to the north of Lucknow and Delhi. The population of the State is nearly a hundred thousand, most of the people being engaged in cultivation, and the annual income is thirty lacs, against an expenditure of twenty lacs. In other words, Rampur has the happiness to have every year a surplus on her national finances of from five to ten thousand lacs. During his passage through America, the Nawab's state jewels were a matter of a good deal of interest to Americans, and it was somewhat disappointing to learn that he had left them all in the treasury at Rampur.

Just as the Spaniards worship their little king, so the Dutch follow with the liveliest interest the life of the little Queen Wilhelmina, now in her fourteenth year. Her portrait has the place of honour in most drawing-rooms of the better classes, not only because she is the Queen, but because the well-grown, tall figure, with the blonde hair and soft expression of countenance, constitutes the nation's idea of female beauty. Her Majesty, who is of a lively and engaging disposition, is being educated directly under her mother's supervision, but she has an English governess and several expert teachers. The little Queen is not, it would seem, without humour, as the following story will show: One day her English governess had occasion to scold her, and her Majesty decided to have her revenge, so when the lesson in geography came round, and she was instructed to draw a map of Europe, the mischievous little lady drew England with the smallest dimensions, but Holland half the size of Europe! Queen Wilhelmina now speaks excellent English and French, but she has little taste for German. She is extremely fond of out-of-door life, and all her spare time is spent in the park or neighbourhood of Het Loo, accompanied by her handsome terrier, Swell, riding, driving, boating, &c. But her Majesty's greatest penchant is still her dolls, of which she has a score of all kinds and sizes. Naturally, the Dutch are anxiously considering who is to be the future husband of this "pearl among queens," as the dynasty must be secured as early as possible. Some organs point to Denmark for the Dutch Prince Consort.

The Prince of Montenegro, who is not only a sovereign but a military hero, has added that of poet to his other accomplishments. His last effusion bears the title "The Poet and His Fairy," and contains an enthusiastic summons to the Slav races "sighing under the yokes of Germany and Austria." The poet bewails to the Fairy of Justice the grief he feels at the sight of the millions of Slavs oppressed by the inferior race of "Schwabians." The fairy replies that unity alone can effect their liberation, and that the Slavs might certainly shake off their oppressors if united. Naturally, these effusions have caused great offence in Germany and Austria, several journals intimating that they shall not forget his Highness's views "when the time comes." Moreover, in a recent issue of the official organ, Prince Nikita openly reveals his "mission" of founding a great Slav kingdom by the aid of Russia.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The Australian banks are slowly getting, or trying to get, to their feet again. By the middle of May twelve banks had suspended, with deposits of about £80,000,000, of which about £28,000,000 had been received in this country.

An Australian Federation conference has been held at Corowa, which stands on the border line between Victoria and New South Wales. A public meeting followed, at which it was resolved not only to federate, but to establish branches of the Federation League, recently formed in Sydney, throughout the colonies. The New Zealand Government, however, have declined to participate in the proposed federation of the Australian Colonies.

The Socialist League of Australia prepared an address to Sir Robert Duff, but the Governor of New South Wales has declined to accept it. The address offered his Excellency much useful information, and, among other statements more or less curious, it contained the assurance that the whole Government and Executive of the colony was a "a machine in the hands of the monopolists, and existed only to do their bidding."

New South Wales has such a show of wool at the Chicago Exhibition that the Executive Commissioner of the colony declares even Americans themselves confess they have never seen the like.

An issue of Treasury bills for £250,000 at Adelaide has been highly successful, offers being received for £517,000 on the first day.

The sugar crop in Queensland this season, it is estimated, will amount to 80,000 tons.

Orange-growing has made great advances in New Zealand. Fruit-growing has been in vogue there almost since it became a colony, but the industry is practically still in its infancy. The largest orange plantation at present is at Wairere, Whangarei, which is ninety-five miles north of Auckland. Its great recommendation for fruit culture is its freedom from frost.

The Canadian Order of the "Sons of England" exists to maintain, among other things, the bond between the Dominion and the Mother Country.

Canadian fruit-growers are making great exertions to push their products at the World's Fair, where there will also be a respectable show of wines made from grapes grown in the Dominion.

Major-General East, C.B., has been transferred to the Governorship of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst from the first-class command which he has held in Madras, where he will be replaced by Major-General Crealock, C.B., from Aldershot.

Bermuda wants reciprocity of trade with the United States; without this, the growth of the islands must be retarded, while with it both the United States and Bermuda may receive mutual advantages. At the present moment a deputation from Bermuda has gone to Washington to press the proposal.

The Aldabra Islands, to the north-west of Madagascar, are the home of the turtle; indeed, the number of edible turtles to be got is so great that the lessee cannot secure them all. From 12,000 to 15,000 could be turned in one twelvemonth in Aldabra alone.

The fourth annual meeting of the British East Africa Company last week was a noteworthy landmark in our connection with the Dark Continent. The chairman, General Sir A. Kemeball, made a long statement as to the proposal that the company's rights in East Africa should be absorbed by the British Protectorate in Zanzibar, a portion of the company's capital being recouped by the Zanzibar Administration. The proposal was adopted.

The Duke of York has narrowly escaped a new form of fame. He was asked by a Mr. Cracknell to give his name to a new colony, and this was acceded under the impression that the colony was in existence. Thereupon Mr. Cracknell issued a circular inviting contributions for the purpose of securing a tract of land in Canada and colonising it in memory of the royal wedding. This new aspect of the question soon drew a demand from his Royal Highness that Mr. Cracknell should withdraw the circular. The latter has done so. Thus there will be no Prince George's Town.

Cape Colony is not in such a prosperous condition as it might be. Although trade has increased, it has done so by reason of the progress in the Transvaal and of the gold export. This makes Sir Gordon Sprigg unhappy. In his Budget speech last week he declared that the colony might add £1,500,000 to its wealth every year by fruit, grain, and tobacco culture, and by the extirpation of scab in sheep, over which, he says, £750,000 is lost a year.

ALL ABROAD.

It is not surprising that Siam has agreed to all the terms of the French ultimatum, and that the blockade has in consequence been raised. It is rumoured that the negotiations for the establishment of a neutral zone between French and British Indo-Chinese possessions in the Upper Mekong have been going on since 1889. The delimitation of this zone has been reserved for a future date.

The report on the trade of Northern Siam during last year is of peculiar interest at this moment. Teak is the chief export, and the high condition of the rivers last year enabled 72,000 logs to be floated down. This is 31,000 logs more than the average of the preceding four years.

There are now forty-three veterans living in Prussia who took part in the expedition against Napoleon just eighty years ago. The oldest of them is 107.

The general election in Bulgaria has resulted in a preponderant Government victory, the Opposition having obtained only nine seats out of 162, and none of their leaders or ex-Ministers being returned.

Zurich has once more sheltered the International Socialist Workers' Congress. The British contingent was the biggest delegation from this country that has ever attended one of these congresses.

Great meetings in favour of universal suffrage have been held in Vienna by workmen of different nationalities.

Two Russian Orthodox churches are to be built in Vienna. The Russian Government is highly gratified by the scheme.

A Cologne Catholic paper has published a social programme for Catholics which condemns Liberalism on the one hand and the Social Democrats on the other. The authors of this programme look forward to "a more equal distribution of worldly goods, based on the formation of a middle class embracing the widest possible sections of the community. This may be attained by the organisation of society, according to vocations, on Christian principles."

The Censor's scissors and blacking brush had some extra work in Russia last month on account of Mr. George Kennan's visit to England and the very cordial reception given to him in London. Even the smallest items of news about it were cut out of all the English papers sent to English residents in Russia.

The three Arctic vessels which the Russian Government have had built at Dumbarton started for their important voyage to the Yenesei via the Kara Sea on the first day of the month. It is likely that this enterprise marks the beginning of what may ultimately prove to be a large and increasing trade between this country and Siberia.

The excavations at Hissarlik, the supposed site of ancient Troy, undertaken by Dr. Dörpfeld are yielding excellent results. It was the late Dr. Schliemann's theory that of the six superimposed cities that lie buried beneath the artificial mound at that place the second was the Homeric Troy, but Dr. Dörpfeld identifies the sixth city with the poet.

General Dodds has left Paris for Dahomey once again. His instructions are to limit the campaign as much as possible and to report progress on the subject of occupation.

The inhabitants of the island of Futuna, one of the New Hebrides group, will be extinct in ten years if dysentery continues to play the same dreadful havoc it has during the past decade. The disease was introduced ten years ago by a half-caste child brought to the island by a Futunese woman from a Queensland labour ship.

It is well that British emigrants have ceased entirely to go to Rio Grande do Sol. In 1891 24,325 immigrants entered this unfortunate territory, but last year the number fell to 8629. One does not wonder at this; indeed, with the constant series of revolutions it is astonishing that even 8629 people were so far left to themselves as to go to Rio Grande at all.

The Argentine insurgents are masters of the situation. The Santa Fé Government has surrendered to the Radicals, and it is expected that the town of La Plata will fall into their hands. Congress has rejected a proposal in favour of Federal intervention to suppress the revolution.

The Dutch Government has sold the island of Schiermonnikoog, on the coast of Friesland, to Count Bernstorff von Doemitz.

The latest about Emin Pasha is that not only he but his whole caravan were massacred by some Arabs to the west of the Victoria Nyanza.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

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LETTERS FROM COLONIAL COUSINS.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

MY DEAR VICTOR,—Here I am again, full of news and notes. Some folks live in a city all their lives, and yet do not know by personal inspection the beauties which lie close at their doors. At any rate, that has been my experience, for, although quite a newcomer to this capital of the Britain of the South, yet when I have spoken to several old settlers I have been surprised to find how little they know about the Botanical Gardens, the view of the city from Wadestown (a place set upon a hill), the grand panorama brought under one's gaze by a walk to the top of Mount Victoria, whence are to be seen on the one hand the harbour, the city, and the Hutt Valley stretching away into nothingness, capped by Ruapehu's snow-clad spire, while to the right-about you behold the rugged Heads, the waters of Cook Strait, and the island which gives Island Bay its name. Opposite the latter I can almost imagine I can see his Excellency the Hermit, who is on view in a cave on a coast which is the roughest I have seen in these peculiar islands of the south, and I can assure you 'mid coral strands and rocky islands some roughs are to be met with, rougher even than the (in)famous Woolloomooloo (Sydney) larrikin. Right at one's very feet lies the legendary passage of water by which Captain Cook is said to have made his entrance into Port Nicholson. I do not know whether to believe the Old

our House of Representatives as a member for Christchurch, where he was "brought up," his father (the late Hon. W. Reeves) being proprietor of the *Lyttleton Times*. He is very brilliant both with pen and tongue, is young, married, and, besides carrying out his many ministerial duties, acts as managing director of the *New Zealand Times Company*. He has published a book of verses in conjunction with a Christchurch friend, and a recent piece, entitled "The Passing of the Forest," has received very high praise.

Socially, Wellington has been very quiet of late—this is the dead season. Lord and Lady Glasgow and their family are just now in Auckland, where they are enjoying a long-promised visit. On their way north from Wellington, journeying overland, the Governor made a week's stay at Captain Russell's station in Hawke's Bay, and the Napier people took the opportunity of giving her Majesty's representatives a real good time. The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's meeting was held in close proximity to the captain's big sheep run, and the Governor's party paid a visit thereto, enjoying the sights immensely. The Maoris were not one whit behind the Pakehas, either, in paying homage, every prah *en route* turning out its chiefs, tohungas, wahines, and pickaninnies in force. It is one of the strange sights of this strange land to see a wahine (Maori woman) sitting on the footpath of a town smoking a pipe with the vigour of a man, while peeping over her shoulder is the dusky face of an infant, slung in a tartan shawl—the louder the colour the better.

The cricket season is just about closing. There is no enthusiasm



Photo by E. Taylor, Wellington.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NEW ZEALAND, THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF GLASGOW.

Identity when he tells me this, because the length of water is dammed in the middle by a stretch of sand, which looks as though it was a very old inhabitant of the country.

The bays are favourite resorts for holiday-makers—and this is a great country for holidays, any and every occasion being taken for a respite from toil. There is not one of the colonies which keeps the eight-hours system more closely than New Zealand, and I suppose this, in a measure, accounts for the popularity and making of holidays. A paradox! Well, yes. You see, in the days of old, as Jude puts it in his song, which is so popular out here, "in the old countree" the longer the people worked the less wages they got; and in the Antipodes the less hours they work the less the people desire to work, and I have even heard it seriously mentioned that when the workers at home get their eight-hours day New Zealanders will be getting a six-hours day. "A consummation devoutly to be wished," says my friend of the Civil Service, who goes to the big building at nine a.m., comes home to lunch from one to two p.m., and leaves the office at five p.m., has a fortnight's leave every year, besides whole and half days on Anniversary Day, saints' days, Queen's and Prince of Wales' birthdays, race meetings, sports, football and cricket matches between the provinces and colonies, not forgetting Easter, Christmas, and New Year seasons, when work ceases for three or four days. Oh, very fortunate in the matter of holidays is your Civil Service cousin of Maoriland. And yet he has established a Civil Service Association, which has for its object the betterment of his position!

I was in Baillie Brothers' bookshop when the first number of *The Sketch* arrived, and calling two days afterwards I found it was "catching on" very quickly, a glance through its pages being sufficient to bring forth the request to "put my name down, please." The first subscriber was the Hon. W. P. Reeves, our Minister for Education and Minister for Labour. Mr. Reeves is frequently to be met in Wellington bookshops, being an ardent lover of books. He sits in

about the gentle game in this land such as is noticeable on the other side of the Tasman Sea. It has been given great impetus in this city this year by the operation of the Wednesday half-holiday for shop assistants; but that only becomes a trouble to cricketers, because playable ground is so scarce. The Hon. W. P. Reeves and Colonel Fox (who is in command of our forces) are enthusiastic cricketers, both gentlemen playing for the Wellington C.C. in the championship matches.

But if you want to see the colonial in the full glory of enthusiasm catch him in the football season. We have it coming upon him just now, as the season opens next week, and for the next four months he will know but one song, which has been put into words and composed for him by Mr. E. W. Secker, an old Wellington player. The song, which has a rattling tune, opens thus—

On the ball!
Oh, some talk of cricket and some of lacrosse,
Some long for the huntsman's loud call;
But where can be found
Such a musical sound
As the old Rugby cry, "On the ball!"?

Then comes in the chorus, and "Ta-ra-ra" isn't in it for vociferation when given voice to by a team of footballers returning from a match, especially if they are the winning team.

Greater interest—if it be possible—is added to New Zealand football this season by the report that the Rugby Union intends sending a representative team on a tour through Australia, which has had the effect of causing our players to put their best foot foremost. In a game played here recently between last season's champion teams of Christchurch (the East Christchurch Club) and Wellington (the Ponعه Club), the contest resulted in a draw—a goal each—the game being even throughout.

Hoping, my dear Victor, to hear from you with your usual promptitude,
TE NAKARA.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The struggle for the county championship still goes merrily forward, although Yorkshire, in the absence of accidents—and these, we should not forget, happen to the best regulated teams—should be proclaimed champion county for 1893.

It is well that the honours should go round. It is not in the interests of good sport that the championship should stay for ever in the hands of one county, and keen as may be the regrets of Surrey's supporters in having to relinquish premier position after holding it six years in succession, there is no county that can better afford to lose it. Yorkshire cricket for some years back had been falling steadily away, but the present return to form will give the broad-acred county the confidence and courage so necessary to a first class-team. Much of Surrey's success during the past few years has been due to the fact that the team considered themselves invulnerable, and, no matter how badly things were going for their side, their hearts were always sustained by the feeling that Surrey's luck would pull them through. And if they did lose a match now and again, instead of being discouraged by the fact, it only made the team nerve themselves for a greater effort on the next occasion.

Yorkshire owes much of its present success to the infusion of young blood. Among the old hands, Peel is almost the only one of the present team who is worth his salt, and this player, like W. G., appears to possess perennial youth. Men may come and men may go, but he goes on for ever. Among the younger players, Tunncliffe, Wainwright, Moorhouse, and Ilirst, among the professionals, have turned out an immense success. F. S. Jackson, of Cambridge University, has also been of immense assistance during the past few weeks. Perhaps the most improved man of the lot is Brown, the Driffield professional, and his success with the bat is the more valuable in so far as he usually makes his runs at a time when the others fail.

At one time some hopes were entertained of Kent running Yorkshire hard for the championship; but, while the hop county is not altogether out of the running, they can now hardly hope to do better than take

second or third place. Their recent victory over Sussex by nine wickets was a smart performance, especially in view of the fact that only a few days before Sussex had defeated Surrey. In this match, J. R. Mason, the old Winchester boy, made his début for his county, and met with great success. His score of 45 for once out was a really excellent performance, and there can hardly be any doubt that he will be a great acquisition to Kent cricket. He is a fine, athletically built fellow, of 6 ft. 1½ in., and is not yet out of his teens. An unusually interesting match should be seen to-morrow, when Notts meet Kent at Canterbury to finish up the famous Canterbury week. The old cathedral city attracts an enormous number of visitors during the match week. The gay dresses, the merry



Photo by Wayland, Blackheath.

J. R. MASON.

shouts of young men in flannels, and the general air of holiday-making is at curious variance with the usual humdrum life of the place and in sharp contrast to the historic associations of monk, cowl, and Charterhouse. For one week in the year, at least, Canterbury is *en fête*—a carnival of fun and frivolity.

The amount of reserve power behind the Surrey team was splendidly exemplified the other day, when a Surrey eleven, including a couple of old hands, W. W. Read and M. Read, defeated the Australians by a couple of wickets. Strange to say, the old hands were complete failures, while every one of the youngsters came off either as batsmen or bowlers, or both. In this match a trial was given for the first time to Street, a son of the old Surrey professional of that name. It must have been a trying ordeal for a youngster to make his début in first-class cricket against so formidable an eleven as the Australians. Yet he performed admirably. His batting in the first innings, when he made 51, was full of dash, skill, and confidence, and there can hardly be any doubt he will prove of immense service to his county as a batsman. He is also a fair change bowler. Another gratifying feature of this match was the fine bowling of Sharpe, who appears to have returned to something like his best form.

One of the most wonderful batting displays seen at the Oval this year took place during the match between Lancashire and Surrey. We have

all known for a long time Boy Briggs as an inimitable slow bowler, an incomparable field, and an erratic bat. But in this match at the Oval smiling Johnnie was on his best behaviour, and the way he laid about him against the Surrey crack bowlers, while so many of the giants of the team were failing and falling around him, was a sight for gods and men. The little fellow knows no fear, and to him good bowling and bad is all alike; or, if he has a preference, I imagine that he likes to hit good bowling rather than bad. The strong artillery of Surrey in the persons of Lockwood, Richardson, and Brockwell were all brought to bear against Briggs, but they failed to dislodge the little Lancashire lad until he had scored 112. For a small man his hitting is terribly severe, and his rate of run-getting almost phenomenally fast. He got his runs in 100 minutes.

On Thursday Somerset and Sussex meet at Taunton, when the home team will probably make a strong effort to improve the record at the expense of the seaside county. The position of Somerset, however, is so hopeless this season that no matter how well they may play they are almost certain to be left in possession of the wooden spoon. That dreaded instrument, the wooden spoon, is supposed to be a purely mythical quantity, but a friend of mine has a beautiful one in his possession specially made for presentation purposes, and if Captain H. T. Hewitt, who, I am glad to say, has again made his peace with the county committee, will apply to me at the end of the season I shall be pleased to hand him over the wooden trophy.

Gloucester and Middlesex meet to-morrow at Clifton, where the Londoners will make a strong bid for victory, and seek at the same time to improve their record in the county championship. Surrey have nothing better on than Leicestershire, but the Ovalites may find the second-class county difficult to beat.

Then comes the second England v. Australia match at the Oval next Monday. I hope my readers will not forget that this match has been specially set aside by the Surrey executive for the benefit of Maurice Read, one of the most gentlemanly professionals that ever took the field. It is a considerable number of years since Maurice Read, as a youngster, astonished the world by scoring over 100 against the Australians in a representative match, and though, just of late, he has fallen off to some extent with the bat, his average for the season proves him to be in the first flight of English batsmen. It will be remembered that the last match between England and Australia at Lord's ended in a drawn game, slightly in favour of the home team, and it is to be hoped that next Monday the second match will be fought out to a conclusion. I have not the slightest doubt that, with equal luck, England's best eleven would more than hold their own against the Australians. The following would be my selection for an England team: W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, F. S. Jackson, G. McGregor, C. J. Kortright, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Peel, Briggs, Lockwood, and Brockwell.

Unfortunately, several county matches are down for decision on the same day as the England v. Australia. Yorkshire and Middlesex play their return match at Bradford, while Gloucester and Somerset meet at Cheltenham.

CYCLING.

When Wallace Sanger first arrived in England to take part in the championships, he was rather contemptuously spoken of as a second-rater, but when he walked away with the mile championship he inspired the wholesome respect which success always brings. Since then he has returned home, and on July 30 he broke the world's record for the mile by covering the distance in 2 min. 9½ sec. Zimmerman has recently been sighing for other worlds to conquer, but there is always Father Time to go for, and Sanger has certainly set the other American flyer a pretty big task to beat his figures for the mile.

A. J. Watson, the Polytechnic crack, appears to be retaining his form. At the Blackheath Harriers' Sports at Herne Hill he won the half-mile scratch race in 1 min. 12 sec. On the same day, at Reading, P. W. Brown, another of the Polytechnic cracks, carried off the mile championship of the London Centre.

OLYMPIAN.

ROYALTIES AND THE RUSTIC.

Numerous are the anecdotes told of the good-natured and simple King of Denmark. Here is one: One day, when at Fredensborg, his Majesty, with his son, King George, was taking a "constitutional" before dinner along a neighbouring road, when the two monarchs found they had strayed too far and would be late. Presently a peasant came jogging along with a cartload of carrots for the royal kitchen, and King Christian asked the man for a "lift," which was readily accorded. Nothing was said on either side for a while, when King Christian opened the conversation with the man, remarking, "Do you know whom you are driving?" "No, I don't," was the rejoinder. "I am the King of Denmark," said his Majesty, "and he is the King of Greece." The Danish Hodge pondered for a while, when a broad smile overspread his face, and, turning to the two kings, inquired, "And do you know who I am? I am King Frederick VII." King Christian's predecessor on the throne. The man chuckled at his joke, and so did the two monarchs, but when presently the cart drew into the courtyard and the drums beat, and the guard turned out to salute the two sovereigns on the carrots, the poor man's face fell, and he begged forgiveness for his rudeness. But the good-natured King Christian thanked the man for the ride, ordered his carrots to be taken in, and gave him a piece of gold for the lift.

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PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Supply is a demoralising occupation for the modern member, and yet it is, or ought to be, the first law of his being. Here we are, actually elected for the purpose of being on the spot with the people's grievances when the money is voted; but, as a matter of fact, directly Supply is announced the ordinary hon. member has important business round the corner, and pairs with somebody else in the same plight in order to do it. Why it is that this sort of important business is invariably transacted at Brighton or at Cowes in a yacht is just one of those things that no fellow can understand. But so it is. Meanwhile, the conscientious people who stay behind try and scrape holes in the Lobby tiles, chat affably with Lobbyists, clear out lockers, drink tea at all hours, and talk to the Serjeant-at-Arms. It is the nearest approach to being in the House during vacation time, this period of Supply, so dull and dreary is it in these latter days, when a personal incident or a general *mêlée* is the only thing which really warms the cockles of your militant member's heart. Mr. Alpheus C. Morton alone is happy. Here is his happy hunting ground, and no barbed wire fence to spoil his enjoyment. He walks triumphant, and there is none to say him nay.

SIAM.

Sir Edward Grey is the coming young man in the Radical party. Lord Rosebery is very proud of him, and intends to push him ahead in the world of politics. Throughout this Siamese imbroglio the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs has held his tongue with great *éclat*—not as easy a thing as some people may think—and when he got his head loose last week he roared at our own young lion, Mr. George Curzon, passing well. Still, this Siamese business is not a very cheering one, and there are many of us cautious ones who regard with anything but equanimity the simultaneous movement of the Russians on the Pamirs and of the French on Siam. To have both the North-West and the North-East frontiers of our Indian Empire concurrently approached by Cossacks and Chasseurs is one of those nasty coincidences which look very like a conspiracy. However, the Conservative party have a sneaking love of Lord Rosebery, especially as Lord Dufferin is in the same boat, and we are inclined to hope the best has been done. If not, we have made clear in the House our view of the proper policy to be pursued, and that is all a minority can do. The really weak part in the Siamese case is personal, not political. The royal family have not the strong personality requisite for such a crisis as really broke upon them. But in any case Siam is quite unequal to fighting a European power.

MR. GLADSTONE'S EPISTLE TO THE LOTHIANES.

Our special octogenarian has had a holiday. But before coming back to his beloved Bill (we are hard at it again in report) he could not resist the luxury of a manifesto. It was all Dr. Wallace. Of that there can be no doubt. Alone he did it, and did it well. The Scotch people are supposed to require time and attention to thoroughly appreciate a joke. When they do it lasts them a long time, and is grafted into their personality, as it were. This is bad for the man against whom the joke is got off, and the Old Man's manifesto proves this. Unless Dr. Wallace's revered leader had got excellent reasons for knowing that his ex-follower had made a deep impression in Scotland with his racy remarks and jests, the letter to the Lothians had never been written. I read it all through like some other people (not all), and came to the conclusion from the style that the revered one was neither happy nor in good humour when he took up his pen or dictated it to Master Herbert. He has evidently forgotten all Mr. Morley's speech at Chelmsford in 1885.

MR. HAYES FISHER.

Mr. Hayes Fisher very properly called his Electoral Committee in Fulham together last Thursday night in order to give them the benefit of his own views on what occurred on Apology Night last week. Mr. Fisher is deservedly popular in Fulham and West Kensington, where he has been a fighting candidate with a small majority for three general elections. The general feeling in his constituency is that he acted as he did on the nameless occasion (is it not forgotten?) after great provocation. His last statement puts Mr. Logan in a very nasty position. According to Mr. Fisher, it was distinctly understood that Mr. Logan was to rise and make the first apology, he being admittedly the first provoker of strife. Mr. Marjoribanks actually beckoned and nodded to Mr. Logan to get up when the pause came, but he sat doggedly still. If it had not been for Mr. Balfour and Mr. Gladstone's especial desire, Mr. Fisher would never have done what he did, *i.e.*, rise first, as though he was the provoker of the scene on the floor of the House.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

The desire for a good holiday is one of those feelings which lie very near the heart of the private member. His, at best, is a monotonous life in such a session as this, and he wants change badly in August. But then *esprit de corps* steps in and says, "Oh, hang it! I can't desert our leaders," and so he makes arrangements to keep the ball a-rolling. On the other side, as far as I can gather, there is as much dislike to an autumn session as there is with us; but, then, the exigencies of party are greater. Our Liberal Unionist allies are determined to keep Supply going until at least forty days in all have been devoted to a careful investigation of the grievances of the nation before the session is ended. Mr. Arnold-Forster, for instance, is going to raise the question of the defences and proposed dockyard at Gibraltar, a point on which Lord Charles Beresford had a good deal to say the other day.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Ever since the great row of Thursday week the House has been in a condition of exaggerated penitence which would be very affecting if it were not a trifle ludicrous. After all, the main facts about the outbreak are that a sudden fit of temper has broken the record of good behaviour, which, as Mr. Balfour said, the House of Commons has earned in two hundred years of absolute abstinence from violence. Considering the fact that this period covered the Georgian accession, the Stuart Rebellion, the French Revolution, Catholic Emancipation, the first Reform Bill, and Free Trade, the House may take shame for itself that its breach of decorum occurred in this enlightened century over Home Rule. But what would the Unionists have? They are conducting the controversy with the most extreme—I was almost going to say insane—violence. Mr. Chamberlain has never spoken without deliberately stimulating the passions of his audience. Every Thursday night at ten o'clock, when the closure begins, the Unionists have arranged a scene, the chief feature of which is the closing, amidst prolonged groans, of some prominent member of their party. It is even said that Mr. Chamberlain was perfectly well aware that the fact of his likening Mr. Gladstone to Herod would instantly be followed by Irish cries of "Judas!" and that then the fat would be in the fire. I do not know whether this is true or not. Certain it is that if a deliberate explosion had been designed, some members of the Unionist party could not have gone a surer way to bring it about.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF IT.

As regards the leading facts of the fracas, they are, no doubt, clear enough, and they confirm, I think, with remarkable fidelity the account which I gave you last week. We now have it on Mr. Hayes Fisher's own confession, both in speech and in writing, that he was the man who struck the first blow, or rather used the first overt act of physical violence. I watched the incident closely, and the testimony of my own eyes is confirmed by that of scores of members. I saw Mr. Logan stroll quietly across the floor of the House. He is a big, dark man, with long, clean limbs, and with a great reputation as an athlete. But throughout he showed no sign of passion whatsoever. He lounged across the floor, attracted, as he tells me, by hearing Mr. Fisher call out his name and charge him with disorderly conduct. Before that he had been in the gallery, looking down on the scene with amused eyes. Technically, no doubt, he was out of order in arresting for a moment his course from the House to the lobbies. He is not a very old member, and the mistake is not an uncommon one. When he got across the floor and opposite to the front Opposition bench, Mr. Hayes Fisher, Mr. Carson, and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett all joined in a kind of baying chorus, shouting that his friends were a gang of gaggers, and that he was out of order in standing by the side of the table. Then it was that Mr. Logan sat down by Mr. Carson's side, an action which was in itself orderly enough, though not perhaps specially discreet. At that period I saw Mr. Hayes Fisher's long, nervous hand dart out from behind, take Mr. Logan by the scruff of the neck, and push him forward to the table.

WHO BEGAN THE FIGHT?

As to the actual fighting, I do not think there is much doubt as to who originated it. The facts were as follows: When Mr. Logan was rudely followed by Mr. Fisher, the press of the Irish members, who were crowding into the division lobby, hastened forward to see what was going on. One of them, Mr. Austin, in crossing the gangway, was pushed by those who followed, tripped against the steps, and fell right against Colonel Saunderson. The Colonel seized him, threw him off, and struck him. Mr. Crean, who followed him, received a second blow, also struck by the Colonel, who hit Mr. Crean before Mr. Crean hit him. That, however, is denied by the Colonel. But there can be no question as to the Austin incident. The Colonel was struck in return, and got two smashing blows on the head, both of them from Mr. Crean—a small but wiry Irishman. But what I want to know is, how any possible provocation of word, of look, of tone, or of behaviour, supposing in all these respects the conduct of Irishmen and Liberals was worse than it actually proved to have been, can affect the odium which must necessarily belong to any man who strikes a blow on the floor of the House of Commons. This seems to be the one point to be considered, the one offence with which the House should deal. It has not dealt with it, and, I confess, the whole affair has ended in a rather disgraceful piece of hugger-mugger.

APOLOGIES END IT.

The apologies which took place on Monday night were the fruit of one of those obvious arrangements which the authorities of the House are always able to bring about. When Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, and the Speaker all agree that it is better to hush a matter up, there is no going on with it. Yet I think that the bulk of well-considered feeling in the House was strongly in favour of some such inquiry as Dr. Hunter suggested. To begin with, the apologies were absurdly inadequate. Mr. Hayes Fisher was almost as free in distributing the blame to others as in admitting that a heavy load rested upon his own shoulders. The other parties to the brawl did not appear at all. Mr. Chamberlain was absent from the House, so was Colonel Saunderson, so, I think, was Mr. Carson, so, indeed, were all the men prominently concerned. Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, who pulled violently at Mr. Logan's coat-tails while Mr. Fisher pushed him from behind, was passed over.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I am writing my copy this week under somewhat unbusiness-like but undoubtedly delightful circumstances, and you may imagine me, if you will, comfortably seated on the top of a cliff, the grass which covers it forming my desk, while in front of me is the sea and at my back an



expanse of exquisite scenery. Somewhat distracting surroundings I will admit, but still not sufficiently so to prevent me from remembering the attractions of some of Redfern's latest inspirations, which I made a point of seeing before I rushed away from London for a brief holiday at the seaside. You see, I remembered the old adage, "Out of sight out of mind," and, as I did not want you to miss my name from the pages of *The Sketch* even for one week, I made arrangements accordingly.

But now to business, and what more natural than that my first thoughts should fly to a delightful boating costume of white serge, the skirt trimmed with three rows of scarlet braid, with a narrow edging of gold and blue? The bodice was fastened at the waist with a broad band of the braid, and the shoulder capes were finished off with three rows of plain scarlet braid, the sleeves being full to the elbow with plain, tight-fitting cuffs. A white sailor hat, trimmed with scarlet ribbon, completed a costume on which even now my thoughts will persist in dwelling enviously. Next there comes to my mind a widely different gown, which was so lovely that I have had it sketched for you. It is of black satin, the skirt ornamented with an appliqué border of white satin, embroidered in gold, with dainty baskets filled with flowers, and headed by festoons of gold cord, tied in true-lovers' knots. The bodice is of white satin, richly embroidered in gold, and with zouave and full sleeves of black satin. The beauty of the embroidery and the richness of the material combine to make this gown exceptionally smart and striking. With it is worn a dainty little white straw hat, trimmed with black satin and quills.

A lovely silk and wool material, green, shot with petunia, showed to advantage in a full, perfectly hanging skirt, trimmed round the bottom with festoons of green and petunia ribbon. The draped waistband of shot green and petunia silk, brocaded with tiny flowers in the latter colour, was tied in a bow at the back, and the revers of the same material were caught together in front with bows of ribbon in the two colours. Then my wandering eye was caught by the most delightful little cape which it has been my good fortune to see for some long time, an opinion which I am sure you will share when you look at the accompanying sketch. The cape, which is of old-gold-coloured silk, is arranged in two frills, the top one being cut squarely and edged with a pleated frill, covered with black chiffon, while the under one is finished off with two tiny frills of chiffon, headed by a twist of silk. The square cape falls over the shoulders in wonderfully graceful folds, and comes to a point in front, while the draped collar of chiffon is edged with a frill of the same material. For the present season this cape is simply perfection, giving, as it does, just the necessary warmth if the day should happen to be a trifle chilly, though, indeed, if I were lucky enough to possess it, I am certain that I should be willing to bear a little extra warmth, even on a hot day, for the sake of wearing such a lovely and becoming little garment. In the way of capes, I must also mention that Redfern is showing some of black net, each frill edged with a band of white satin. They are so entirely smart and out of the common that I should advise you to see them, though I expect that by this time you are heartily tired of the very name of the



ordinary net capes: but, then, none of Redfern's things are ordinary; they always bear the hall-mark of originality and good style, and that makes all the difference in the world.

Another gown which deserves special mention was of heliotrope crépon, the skirt slightly raised on one side to show an under-petticoat of white satin embroidered in silk. The particularly short zouave bodice of crépon opened over a vest and under-bodice of white satin embroidered to match, the sleeves being puffed to the elbow, with long satin cuffs. I had almost forgotten a particularly lovely yachting dress, which really

[Continued on page 109.]

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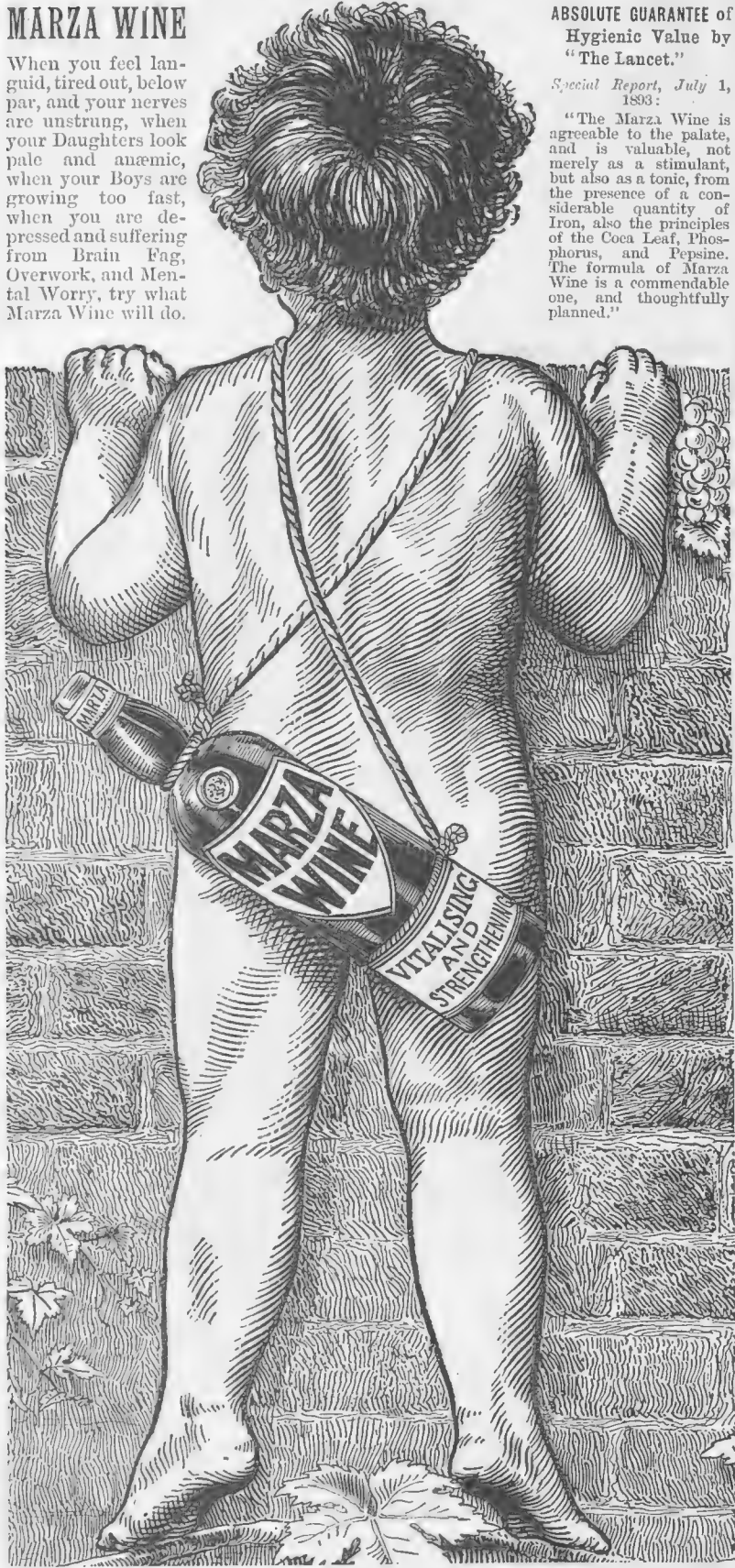
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It is the "sweetest of sweet odours."
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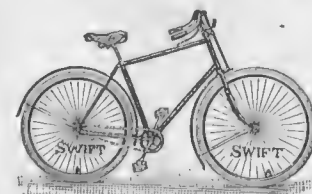


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GRADUAL PAYMENT SYSTEM.

should have come first by right of merit. It was of pale blue serge, the skirt trimmed with six rows of black braid placed in two sets of three each. The deep V-shaped waistband was edged with three rows of narrow black braid, and the little zouave bodice was finished off in the



same way. A loose blouse of pale blue silk, the yoke trimmed with bands of black lace insertion, completed a costume which would commend itself to any of you, I am quite sure.

So much for what I saw at Redfern's, and now, to turn for a moment to a subject which occupied no small amount of attention lately—I mean the question of gloves or no gloves. I may mention that during the whole time I have been away I have seen only about three women wearing gloves; everybody else seems to revel in the delight of being able to go about with uncovered hands. Personally, I consider the sensation a delightful one, and it certainly adds greatly to the feeling of freedom which is the greatest charm of a really enjoyable holiday. I am not one of those who would advocate women appearing gloveless in London, but at the seaside I do most strongly recommend it, and I am delighted to see so many people throwing aside the trammels of custom for the sake of comfort, and this, too, at a place which is at present frequented by any number of celebrities, both in the world of fashion and art. As to the costumes, the seamless zouaves are conspicuous by their absence, and in their place reign smart little zouave coat bodices, or three-quarter coats, loose-fronted, and worn over manly shirt fronts and natty little ties. The sailor hats are for the most part rather elaborately trimmed with Mercury wings, divided by clusters of roses or other flowers, and very pretty they look; almost in every case they prove more becoming than the severely simple style with which we have become so familiar. Cross-over blouses seem to have almost entirely superseded everything else, and are to be seen on every hand, in every colour and shade. They are certainly most becoming to the figure when they are properly put on, but their skilful adjustment is a matter which requires a certain amount of practice.

I noticed a well-known theatrical celebrity in a somewhat daring gown of pale blue serge, the coat bodice cut short in front, and with long swallow-tails at the back; the large revers were trimmed with white braid, and the skirt with graduated rows of the same, while a blouse of white silk striped with pale blue, and a white sailor hat, trimmed with Mercury wings and forget-me-nots, completed the costume.

At church, parade I was particularly struck with a gown of black accordion-pleated chiffon, edged with a band of black lace insertion. The overhanging blouse bodice, which was also of chiffon, was held in at the waist by a jet girdle with long ends, the collar-band being also of jet. The sleeves were particularly pretty, and consisted of five pinked-out frills of black silk, which reached to the elbow, the lower part consisting of softly shirred chiffon, with a narrow bordering of jet. A jet coronet, with a tiny fan of lace at the back, did duty for a bonnet, and the sunshade was of black chiffon, arranged in soft puffings and folds. Another charming gown, worn by a slender girl with golden-brown hair and a beautiful complexion, was of white crêpon, the skirt perfectly plain, and the bodice arranged with a Marie Antoinette fichu of white chiffon. Round the waist was a band of green velvet ribbon, tying in a bow at the left side, and catching up the skirt slightly in the prettiest possible manner, to show a suggestion of green silk underneath. A cluster of crimson roses, carelessly tucked into the waistband, matched the roses which almost covered the large picture hat of openwork

green straw. It was a positive pleasure to look at this dress, it was so exquisitely fresh and artistic.

A girl with the most wonderful red-gold hair wore a gown of soft black silk, figured with a floral design in grass-green. The skirt was trimmed with alternate rows of black and white lace insertion, dividing tiny flounces of the silk, this trimming reaching to the knees. The bodice was also arranged with bands of insertion, and the sleeves were formed of alternate frills of white and black lace, the cuffs to the elbow being of the silk. The hat which crowned the ruddy waves of hair was of black lace, the brim lined with white lace, and the trimming consisting of sprays of delicately shaded roses. It was a lovely gown, and it suited its dainty little wearer to perfection. Just in conclusion, I must mention a most fascinating costume which was worn by a very pretty brunette. The skirt was of white and blue striped material, and the smart little pilot coat of blue serge was worn over a waistcoat of white duck, from which depended various natty little gold charms, whistles, &c. A white peaked cap, set jauntily on the dark-brown curls, gave a perfect finishing touch to a costume which, though very smart and original, would, probably, not have suited everyone.

Here is a new design for a baby's gig, with a graceful and useful form of hood. Compared with the ordinary hood to which we are accustomed—thin ribs, all showing under the tightly drawn covering, like those of some poor starveling—with this new hood the top is a smooth curve from front to back. Not only in this respect, but in its framing and in the use of removable side curtains, this gig resembles the top buggy. The curtains are a decidedly great feature. They button on to studs at the top and bottom, can be rolled up and secured by little straps, or taken off altogether. When down, they keep out wind and rain effectually; when rolled up or taken off, they give the child a free circulation of air without exposing its back, enabling it to look out and around on both sides. In the case of a sudden shower they can be replaced in a few moments. This gig, which is manufactured by Messrs. Simmons, Tanner Street, Bermondsey, has another novel feature which has sprung from the makers' ingenuity, with the result that it is as useful for infants as for larger children who can sit up. Under the seat is concealed a shallow drawer, which can be pulled forward, and in this drawer lie closely folded down a bottom and two side-pieces, to form, when raised up into position, a boxed body for



a cushion, whereon baby can lie in safety. Thus, the one cart will serve for the expanding wants of a child from infancy to an age which scorns the mail-cart. As it is very handsome and stylish, this gig ought to give good service for many years of ordinary use.

Now I will say good-bye, promising you that I will keep my eyes open on your behalf: just at present I think they have earned a rest, so I am going to contemplate the beauties of Nature for a change. FLORENCE.

A UNIQUE UTOPIA.

When Mr. Gilbert wrote in rippling rhyme the history of the fair land of Barataria, where his gallant gondolieri held court, did he know of the curious colony of Zoar in Ohio? Zoar is the abiding-place of a mystic band of German Communists, who hold all property in common, the place being a miniature kingdom within itself. The people, who call themselves Zoarites, own 7000 acres of land, which all lies in one body, about half of the tract being in a high state of cultivation. The original Zoarite purchase was 10,000 acres, but 3000 have since been sold at a high figure. Every article, implement, device, contrivance, or machine used, wrought with, or employed in Zoar is of Zoarite manufacture, and the same may be said of every article worn or eaten, with the exception of coffee, tea, and spices. The shoes the Zoarites wear are made by their own shoemakers from leather prepared by their own tanners from hides taken from cattle bred and raised on the great community cattle farm. The coal which warms them and cooks their food is dug from their own mines, and is burned in stoves cast in their own foundry from iron smelted in their own furnaces from ore found in abundance on their own lands. They have community tailors, bakers, weavers, buttermakers, cheesemakers, and all other useful artisans and tradesmen. The tailor uses nothing but Zoarite cloth made by the Zoarite weaver from wool sheared from Zoarite sheep. The same may be said of the whole catalogue of manufactures, which certainly gives to Zoar distinctive characteristics unknown to any other American city or community.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

To that mysterious body known throughout the length and breadth of the land as "the talent" the victory of Bill at Brighton must have been particularly acceptable, for the son of Kineton had times without number previously betrayed the confidence reposed in him. He was bought by Captain Machell from a well-known Irish owner, and the Bedford Cottage Mentor transferred him to Mr. Warren de la Rue. Mr. De la Rue, as many people know, spent over £20,000 on the Turf ere he won a race. Last year Mr. De la Rue's representatives secured seven events, of a total value of £966 3s.

The features of Mr. M. Dawson, to whom I alluded last week, are so well known to every racing man that a portrait of him almost

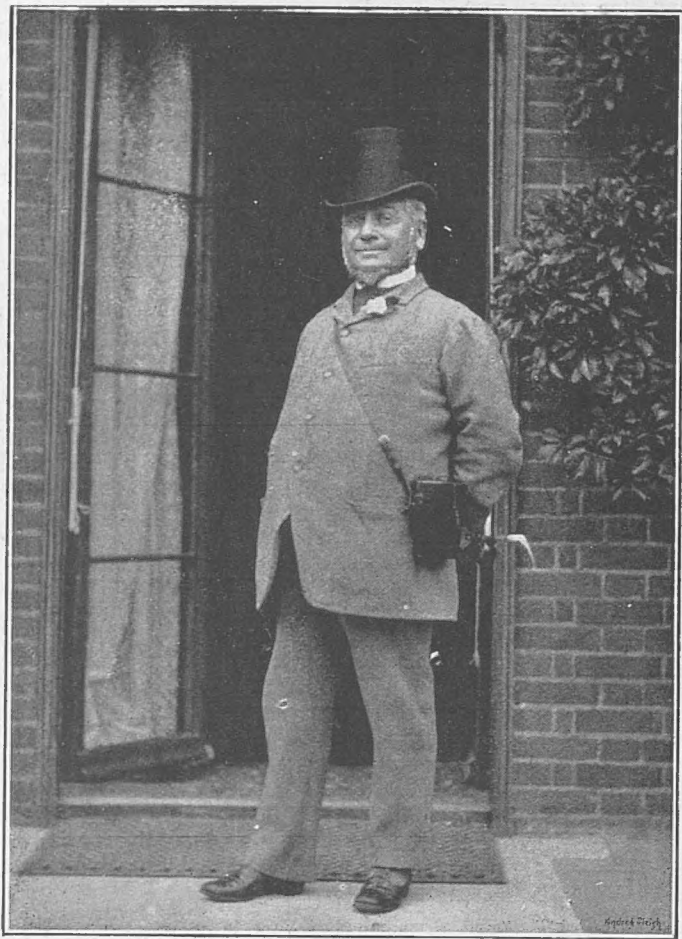


Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. M. DAWSON.

seems redundant. Still, as one of the honourable supporters of the Turf, he deserves a place in our portrait gallery. It is the characteristic cheery aspect of Mr. Dawson that the photographer has happily caught.

There should be a good gathering at Windsor this week, as the metropolitan sportsmen favour the August fixture held on the Rays Meadows. I have often thought that Messrs. Frail ought to have railings put up on the edge of the river Thames. One of my own horses, running in a hurdle race here some years back, nearly carried Arthur Nightingall into the river at the exact spot where the Eton boys bathe, and where the touts take their daily dip when the fixtures are in progress. The bookmakers go in largely for boating when there are race meetings at Windsor, and it is almost needless to add that boats cannot be hired at ordinary prices when the pencilers are on the spot. It is strange how professionals are made to pay through the nose for everything.

The entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire may be regarded as satisfactory, although the most precipitate of backers will scan the list with no pleasant face, for several candidates, whose names for weeks have figured in the Continental quotations, are missing from the official broadsheet. The gentlemen over the water who issue these early quotations do not transact such an enormous business as was the case ere the French authorities expelled them, but still it is a profitable one, and the more important firms have to employ a large number of clerks.

Of late years, important matches have been few and far between. An attempt was made to boom the contest between Buccaneer and Nunthorpe, but it was of no avail. Lord Durham, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Noel Fenwick, Sir James Duke, and Mr. Harding Cox now and again arrange a contest which a few years back would have caused great excitement in certain circles, but nowadays pass without even attracting the usual amount of interest taken in a selling plate.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 3, 1893.

There seems to be a general consensus of opinion that we must expect dearer money in the near future, and it is devoutly to be hoped that before this additional trouble comes upon us we may have made, at least, some progress in the direction of returning confidence, for it is alarming to contemplate a series of panics such as we have been passing through with the additional horror of dear money to face.

For the moment matters on the Stock Exchange are in a state of suspense, and none of us know whether we have at last turned the corner or if we are to expect still further trouble and a continuance of the late slump in values. The position remains serious, because from account to account brokers and jobbers have been helped over the stile in the hitherto vain hope that stocks would go better and the various accounts would adjust themselves; but it would hardly require many more settlements like the last to put an end to this process of bolstering up, and to precipitate a large number, if not the majority, of the members of the House into the arms of the official assignee. The real trouble is, dear Sir, that we all have a general knowledge of the state of affairs, but so many names are whispered about that we look at everyone who wants to do a bargain with grave suspicion. If there had not been so much "helping of lame ducks" we should anticipate with greater confidence the prospects of a revival.

As we expected, the Midland dividend shows the effect of diminished traffics, and how the North-Western and Great Western Companies are to avoid a similar state of affairs we cannot understand. The "bears" were delighted with the statement of the Brighton chairman as to a fresh capital issue next year; but, as this will not amount to more than £400,000 at the most, and will enable great savings to be made in the working expenses, we are not able to realise wherein they derive the comfort they profess. In our opinion Brighton "A" stock is for investment—we say nothing about speculation—cheap at its present figure; but we live in times when any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and the most unfounded "bear" story finds only too many willing listeners. The City and South London Company's meeting was encouraging, for it is clear the line is steadily making progress, and its debentures and preference stocks ought to be worth locking up. When and how the Sheffield Company propose to issue the new capital necessary to carry out their London extension scheme, we do not know, but if half one hears about the difficulties experienced by Sir Edward Watkin in dealing with this very "matter of detail" part of the undertaking is true, we are afraid the new trunk line will have to wait, and that the artists of St. John's Wood will be safe from disturbance until better times come upon the money market.

The American position gets further complicated as the time approaches for the meeting of Congress, while the telegraph wires bring day by day all sorts of disquieting stories of runs on the New York savings banks, Atchison receiverships, and the like. For quiet and small investment buying this market presents many opportunities, from various first mortgage gold bonds yielding $4\frac{1}{4}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., like Baltimore and Ohio gold bonds, Louisville and Nashville general mortgage, and many others, to the ordinary shares of concerns like Lake Shore, New York Central, Illinois Central, &c., when the return, with almost as much safety as in English or Scotch railways, will range from $5\frac{1}{4}$ to $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

Internationals have, like almost every other kind of security, been in bad odour; nor is this to be wondered at, for no sooner do we get arrangements made with Argentina than the gold premium begins to rise, and we are now face to face with a revolution, while on the Continent of Europe there are many signs of unrest. Siam of itself never caused any anxiety, but, as a sign of the ever-restless spirit of the French, it was and is a significant warning; while the tariff war between Russia and Germany is likely to cause bad blood. Nearly all the Continental States are loaded up with silver, which, if the Latin Union were to break up, would certainly cause trouble; so that, on the whole, the market has grave cause for anxiety in this department—far graver, as far as intrinsic merit goes, than in Home Rails or industrial concerns like breweries.

The Rand crushings for July are expected to be good, but prices drop away, while as to Charters Towers Mines the market is practically at a standstill.

We are glad to inform you that the shareholders of the Queensland Investment Company have decided to waste no more money on litigation with their late director in Queensland, and the whole story may well be buried in oblivion. The extraordinary conduct of the late Chief Justice of the colony at the trial, although intended to serve the shareholders, has resulted in heavy additional costs, and, as the chances of success in the Privy Council were quite hopeless, we congratulate the directors on having the courage to abandon the attempt.

The story of the Mexican and South American collapse and the action of the Bank of England in the matter has now been made public by a circular of the directors, but, if we mistake not, a compulsory liquidation will bring to light a course of mismanagement so extraordinary as to make shareholders wonder at the supreme folly by which blunder was added to blunder, and three-quarters of a million lost in less than two years.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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The above print is a photographic reproduction of the cover of the Book, the actual size of which is 15 in. by 10 in.

To all those about to Furnish or Re-Furnish HAMPTON & SONS will have much pleasure in forwarding a copy of this Guide free of charge, on condition that it is returned within a fortnight, unless such an order is placed as will entitle the purchaser to retain it for future reference.

PALL MALL EAST,
AND
COCKSPUR STREET, } TRAFALGAR SQUARE, S.W.

Works:
Belvedere Road, S.E.

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TO DEATH.

At four o'clock on the morning of November 8, 1875, an express train on the Lehigh Valley Railway, in America, was on the top of a mountain, eighteen miles above the city of Wilkesbarre. Among the passengers were the President of the United States and several members of his Cabinet, in a special coach. From this point the grade was very steep, and the road full of curves. It was the custom to keep the brakes set all the way down. If they failed disaster was sure to follow. Within a minute after the train started the driver noticed that something had suddenly gone wrong with the brakes. The train kept pushing the engine. He reversed, but without checking the speed. Seeing this the guard and one or two other train men jumped, and escaped with only slight injuries. The train now ran faster and faster, and a horrible death seemed waiting for all on board. The driver blew the whistle continuously to warn trains at the foot of the mountain of his approach. When the runaway passed Nescopeck station it was going at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour, and the faithful driver stood at his post, bareheaded, holding on, and still blowing the whistle. At the foot of the mountain all the trains had got out of the way except the rear end of a coal train which was just shunting. Into this the passenger train dashed with a crash that was heard for miles around, knocking the coal cars in all directions. The passengers were badly shaken, and some were bruised, but none were killed. But where was the brave driver? From under the wreck of the overturned engine he was taken an hour afterwards, crushed and dying, but still able to speak. "Is the President safe?" he

gasped. "Yes, and everybody else," was the answer. "Thank God for that," he said, and never spoke again.

A splendid deed, truly, yet there is not a driver in a hundred who would not have stood to his duty with the same fidelity. Exposed to all sorts of weather, to constant danger, and laden with responsibility, the engine drivers have a commendable record, and deserve higher appreciation both by the companies and by the public.

"I am an engine driver," says Edward Roberts, "and have been for eleven years. My health was always good until July 1885. Then something came over me that I couldn't account for. I felt tired, sleepy, and languid. My stomach felt sour and cold, my mouth tasted awfully bad, and my tongue was thickly coated. A disagreeable fluid came up into my mouth, and my appetite failed. No food, however light, agreed with me, and I had great pain after eating anything at all. In ten minutes my stomach would be all in a ferment, and swell like a balloon does when the gas is running into it. I had also a miserable tightness around my chest and sides. Later on I had awful pain in the kidneys. I could not rest at night; I had dreadful dreams, and would turn and turn in bed, but found no ease.

"As time went on I got weaker and weaker until I could scarcely crawl to my work, but having a large family to support I struggled on as best I could, when many another would have been confined to bed. As it was, my suffering was so great that I went to bed as soon as I returned from my work. For over four years I went on in this fashion, about half alive and half dead, obtaining no relief from the medicines the

doctors gave me. I took six bottles of pepsine, but it did no good, neither did the seven bottles of a medicine we sent over and got from Dublin.

"In May 1890, a lady, who called at my house told me of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup, and recommended me to try it; so I got a bottle from Mr. Wilson, at Drug Hall, Holyhead, and began taking it. In a week I felt better: my stomach was easier, and my food digested, and I gradually gained strength. By the time I had taken six bottles I was strong as ever. I could eat anything, and have kept well ever since. I have told of my recovery everywhere, and many of my friends have used the Syrup with benefit. I wish my experience to be published, and will reply to inquiries about my case.

(Signed) "Edward Roberts,
"No. 9, Tyn Pwll Road, Holyhead."

What originally brought on this wretched attack of indigestion and dyspepsia—which through lack of the proper remedy became chronic—Mr. Roberts does not say, even if he knows. Probably the cause was exposure, and a hasty and irregular habit of eating. At all events he was fortunate in learning of Mother Seigel's Syrup before it was too late. We congratulate him on this point, and are confident his frank statement will be of use to others of his honourable and responsible calling.

For one, the writer of these lines never lies comfortably back on the cushions in a first-class carriage on the excellent North-Western Railway without hoping (selfishly enough, to be sure) that all is well in mind and body with the man who drives the iron horse.

COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited,

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland).

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Aug. 9, 1893.

Signature.....

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

Patron—THE QUEEN.

Since its formation in 1884 the Society has investigated 28,320 complaints of Cruelty to Children.

General Ill-Treatment, 4610. Neglect and Starvation, 15,242. Begging Cases, 1844. Assaults, 2477. Abandonment and Exposure, 1909. Immorality, 1250 Other Wrongs, 988.

THE WELFARE OF 68,942 CHILDREN WAS INVOLVED IN THE ABOVE.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED To MAINTAIN and EXTEND the WORK.
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These little Instruments, composed entirely of smooth bright metal, will, WITHOUT HEAT, simply by light compression, produce the FASHIONABLE WAVY CURLS within a space of TEN MINUTES.

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HINDES LTD.,

BRUSH & TOILET REQUISITE

MANUFACTURERS,

Birmingham.

As a guarantee of excellence, each box and Curler bears the name of the Patentees and Sole Manufacturers—HINDES, LIMITED London and Birmingham.

LADIES SHOULD INSIST ON THIS.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK INTERESTING TO LADIES.



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